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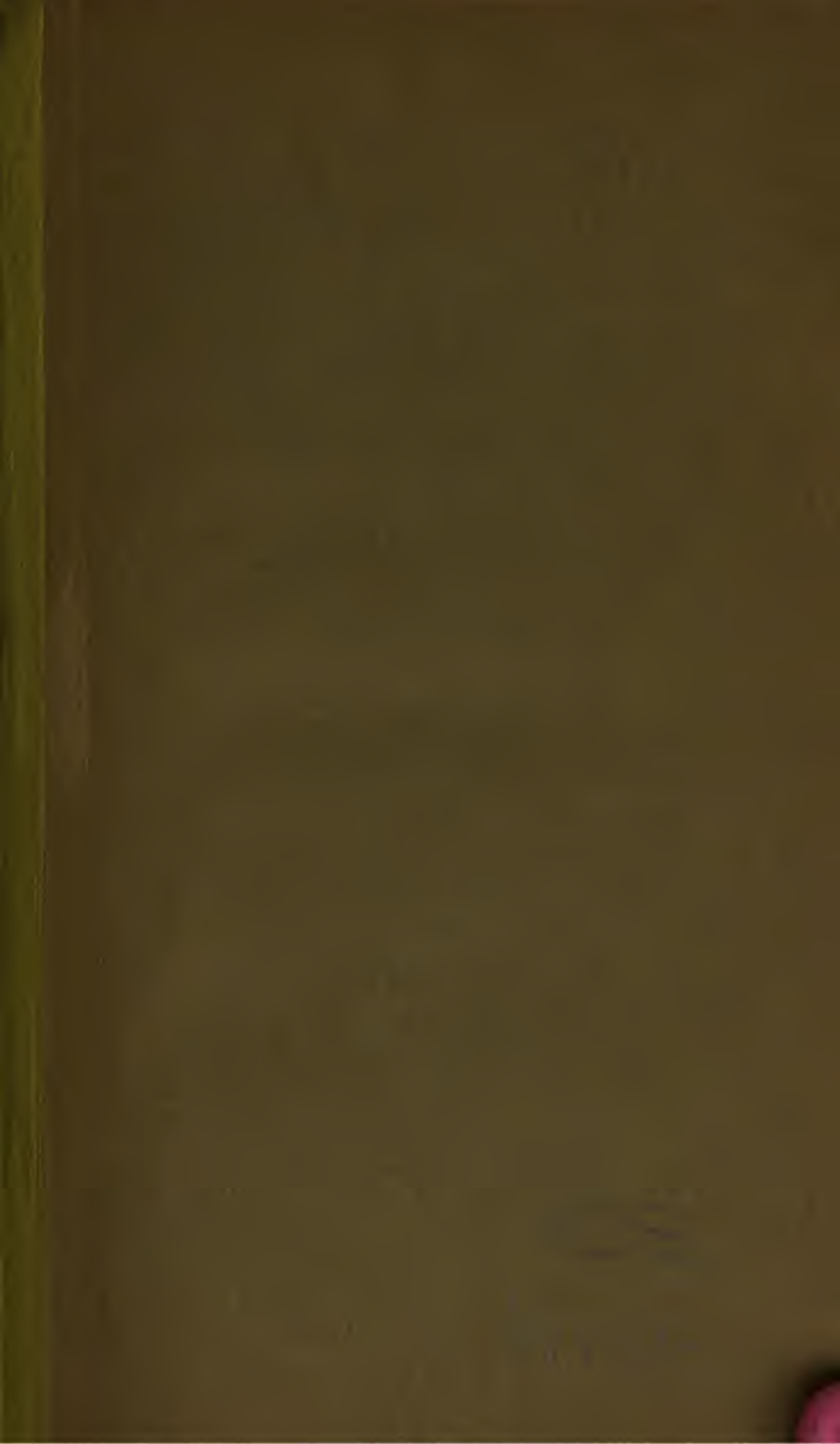
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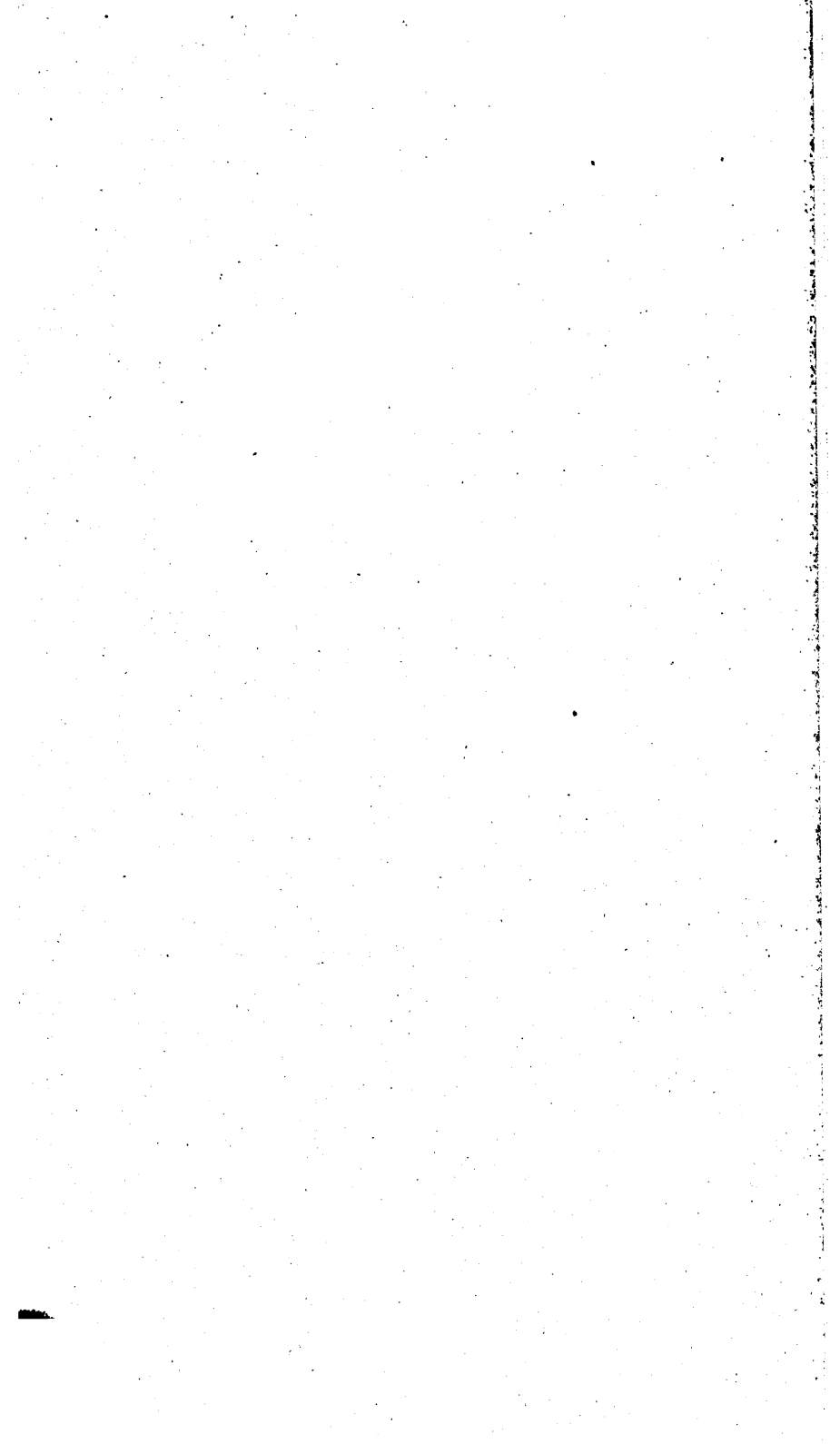
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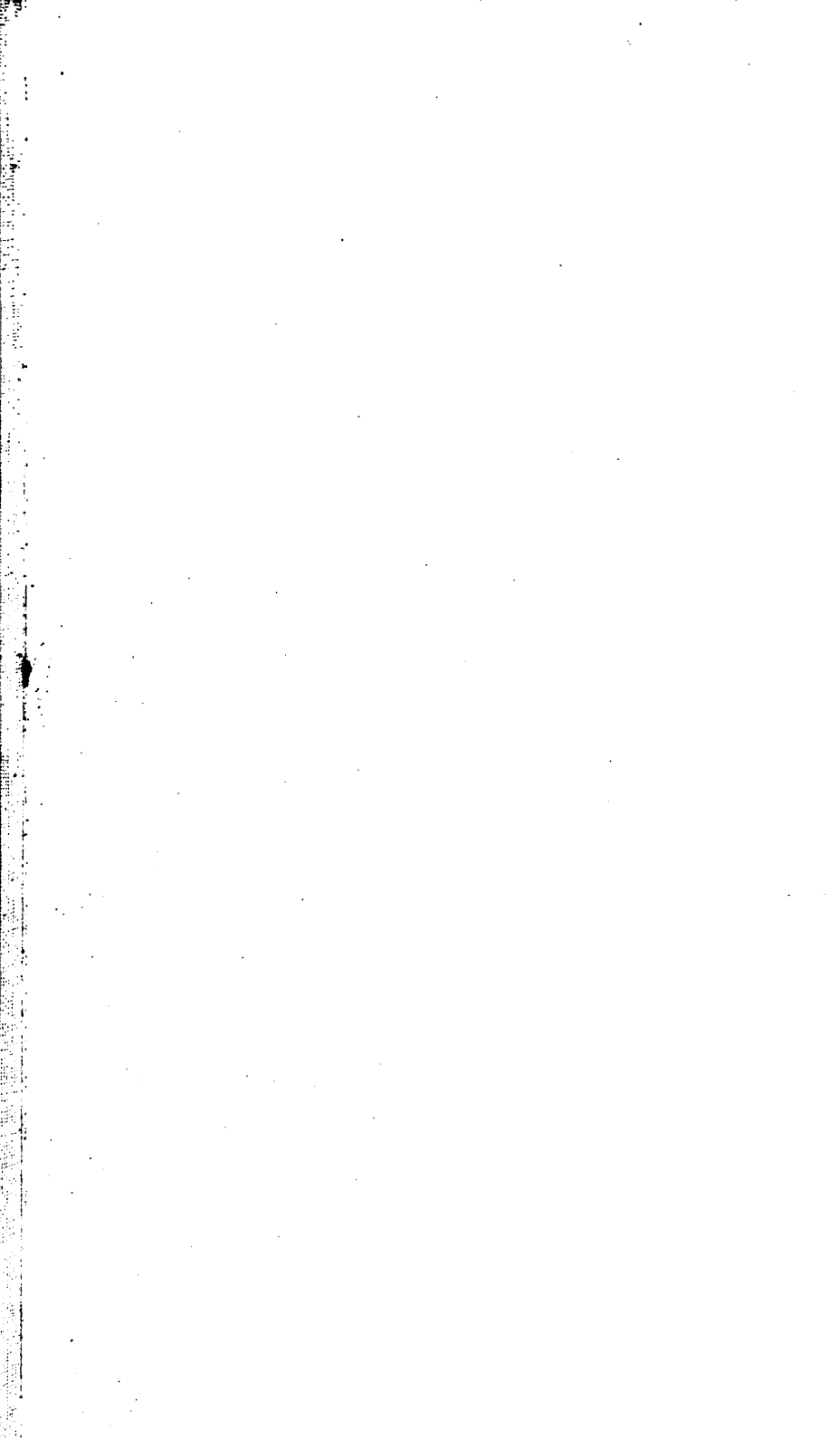
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Irish (Hist)

IRISH STEW:

OR,

A TASTE OF SOMETHING SPICY,

AND

SUITABLE TO THE TIME;

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE

THE MAIN (E) QUESTION,

RELATING TO

THE DISPUTED TERRITORY TO THE WEST OF
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL;

WITH

A COMMENTARY ON THE EFFUSIONS

OF

CORNEY THE RHYMER.



BY ONE WHO REGRETS THAT HE IS

A PEER OF THE REALM.

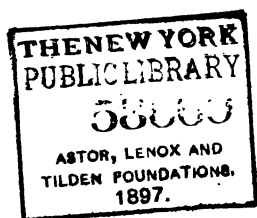
Third Edition.

LONDON:

J. W. SOUTHGATE, LIBRARY, 164, STRAND:

O'BRIEN, ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN; TAIT, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLXXXIX.



LONDON:
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

WROX WEN
CLUB
VIA GAIL

IRISH STEW, &c.

To me, much meditating—my habitual practice—on the uncertainty of life, and more especially on the insecure tenure of political functions, it appears somewhat strange and singular—somewhat notable, if not ridiculous—somewhat memorable as a psychological curiosity, if not absolutely ludicrous, that, at a time when, in the East and in the West, the rival powers of earth are presenting to England a minacious and bellicose aspect; when the “rugged Russian bear” is bristling and growling for the encounter—when, further East, the tiger of Affghanistan is crouching in his lair on the banks of the Indus, and, observant of the glaring eyes of *Kam Ram* and *Dost Mohammed*, prepares him for the fatal spring;—while, in the far West, the “star-spangled banner” is on the point of being unfurled, and *Jonathan*, like an “armed rhinoceros,” seems waiting but the word of command for “gouging, and biting, and whopping” his European kinsmen, as *Jonathan* hath done before;—when Canada, after Rebellion’s “fitful fever,” sleeps not well, but perilously slumbers like a semi-smothered volcano;—when the Queen of England (to speak metaphorically, and without the slightest suggestion of *lèse majesté*,) like SATAN seems, in that so-called “brightest jewel in her crown,” to totter with

——“uneasy steps
Upon the burning marle!”

Or, to quote the still more apposite expression of my dearly beloved *Flaccus*:

——“Incedit super ignes
Subpositos cineri doloso;”—

At a time when the chivalry of France, transferred from land to sea, has been pushing us aside wherever she meets our armaments on the deep, *bagatelling* with blockades, and trampling, *en cavalier*, on our great commercial interests in

the *Mexican Gulf*, and at *Monte Video*, at *San Juan d'Ulloa*, and at *Buenos Ayres*, upon the islands of *Sacrificios* and *Martin Garcia*, at *Soto* and *Laguna*, at *Vera Cruz*, at *Tampico*, at *Matamoras*, and at *Tuzpan*,—without even the shadow of a British fleet to back the mediation of a British minister;—when she is suffered, without a murmur, to establish her iron sway over the northern coast of Africa, lulling us with her *assurance*, (appropriate word!) that she does not mean to extend her dominions in that quarter;—when her next step is to exert her utmost to subject to the *tricolor* the whole eastern coast of the blessed clime of Southern America, composing us again into approving smiles, with the *assurance* that it is only a measure of temporary expedience;—while, with sympathetic grimace, our foreign secretary does not even shrug his shoulders, but ducks his head, and exclaims—“*Mercie, Monsieur!*” when a pilot is pirated, on the one hand, from on board a vessel bearing the flag of England, by the descendants of those whom our fathers mowed down like grass at CRECY and AGINCOURT; and, on the other, that flag is repeatedly and gratuitously insulted by an autocrat, riotously strong in his masses of rude Cossagues and Slavonic barbarians—things all undreamt of, unimagined, uncontrived, in the *calidâ juventâ* of England;—when “horrid wars” are threatening us on every side;—when our colonial constitutions are suspended, superseded, set at naught—treated with contempt and utter defiance, and scorned as mere waste paper;—when the popular Assemblies of the CANADAS and of JAMAICA are literally extinguished, and the only voice which is permitted to be heard in those British dependencies, is that of military dictators;—when our Australian possessions are rotten, and ready to fall asunder;—when popular conventions at home supersede, in popular estimation, the functions of either House of Parliament;—when the use of torch and of dagger is held sacred by those who merely bide their time;—when pikes, for intelligible uses, have become the principal manufacture of our manufacturing districts, and are publicly sold in our markets;—when law and constituted authority are treated as a farce in those districts;—when at home the BRITISH LION is gagged, but will speedily roar;—when abroad, as my friend COLONEL WILSON would have expressed it, “he is *crubbed*, and who’s to *rouse* him?”—to me, I say, it appears utterly

incomprehensible, completely ludicrous, and entirely disgusting, that, at such a time, the subject which concentrates the attention of both Houses of Parliament, should be a poor, petty-fogging, party squabble about the exercise, in a few paltry cases, of the prerogative of mercy in Ireland!!!

If any "picker up of unconsidered trifles" shall choose to undergo the thankless labour of searching the records of the Parliamentary Sessions—those melancholy memorials of *faintantisme*, which have flown in lazy, lifeless current, since the carrying of the Reform Bill, he will find as the *operæ prætium* of his *labor ineptiarum*, that of every twelve hours of the time of both Houses, just ten have been consumed in these profitless Irish "scrimmages;" and if he do not concur with me in wishing with SIR JOSEPH YORKE that Ireland were submerged in the Atlantic for the space of four-and-twenty hours; if he "inhibit" me in this wish, then shall I protest him an O'Connellite, a Precursor, or,

"The baby of a girl!"

I think I may admit it—I am of a generous disposition, and never refuse a frank to any one who civilly asks it. There is a freemasonry about this graceful act of concession, which, particularly as it costs nothing, cheaply conciliates admirers. It is pleasing, too, to mark with what charmed looks the recipients of these favours glance at the magic caligraphy in the corner! I have formed acquaintances, even friendships in this way, which I have been able to turn to good account; but the most interesting incident of this description which ever occurred to me, is that which I am about to make public:—

"*Ibam forté via sacrá*;" which being translated, as a French writer says, "*pour le benefice des dames, et des gens du pays*," signifies, that I was wending my way homeward through *Palace-Yard*, after being cursedly bored by the somniferous speeches of *Glenelg* and *Melbourne*, when a being somewhat singularly habilitated, with a slight sprinkling of the dandy in the fashion of his garments, which their threadbare aspect at the knees and elbows significantly belied, wearing his hat (a scuffed one) with a jaunty air, and keeping his feet closely pressed together, as he addressed me, in a vain endeavour to conceal the too-evident patches on his boots, excused in a rich brogue the liberty *he would be after takin'*, and begged the favour of a

frank for a letter which he was desirous "for to send to a friend in Galway." Acting on my uniform principle of conciliating all mankind at the cheapest cost, I replied without hesitation; "Decidedly, friend, with pleasure. Where shall I write it?" "Thin," replied my odd-looking *incognito*, "if your lordship, who's decidedly the greatest political character, the most brilliant orator, and most accomplished statesman and *homme de lettres* of this or of any other age, would just step into my little apartment close at hand, you'll find *pen* and ink an' ivory accommodation." It was now quite evident that the stranger, though his appearance was indeed very *strange*, was not only a man of uncommon *nous*, but of the most penetrating sagacity. His bushy locks assumed in my eyes the very form of "Hyperion's curls;" his luxuriant whalebone whiskers became typical of more than mortal beauty and strength of mind; and his eye beaming forth the very quintessence of enthusiast fire, I involuntarily exclaimed: "Surely this man must be a poet!"

"And that's what thin that knows me thinks me, shure enough; but the difficulty's to persuade the publishers of the same fact. If it was left to myself and my friends to decide the question, I'm a *rale* poet, the devil a doubt!"

I felt the generous glow of sympathy for neglected genius warm my inmost bosom. I thought of Milton, of Dante, of Chatterton, of Ariosto, of Keats, and a host of others; and I thought, too, of myself and Mæcenas!

"May I be permitted," I exclaimed, "my excellent friend, to inspect your poetical effusions? I flatter myself I am known to be something of a critic." I did not, however, pull up my shirt collar, which is only a stage trick.

"*Something* of a critic!" replied my companion, "by my sowl, but Durham and Melbourne knows that to their cost. But is it *you* read my little effusions? Surely, your lordship's not in earnest!"

"Upon my honour and consistency as a politician, I never was more serious in all my life!"

"Oh, tunder and turf, and *animal-jowl*! Your sowl to glory, but it's you's the broth of a boy, and a nobleman every inch of you!" exclaimed the enthusiastic creature, dancing for joy, and literally flinging his hat up in the air, by way of demonstrating how ecstatic was his delight; a singular way with these Irish. "Hat" I call it, inas-

much as I am writing for English readers, though I believe the Irish themselves call it "*cabbeen*," derived, I presume, from "*cab*," because the hats which they wear in general very much resemble those of the London cabmen. I will not answer for the orthodoxy of my orthography in dealing with the outlandish gibberish which they speak—but "*cabbeen*" and "*animal-jowl*" appear to me to be as close an approximation as possible.

Moderating his transport as well as I could ; and assuring him not only that I would be a candid critic, but that he pained me by making any preliminary apologies for the plainness of his style of living to one who felt both pleasure and pride in regarding him as a brother "*homme de lettres*," I begged he would favour me with his name.

"Cornelius O'Shaughnessy, please your lordship, called *Corney the Rhymers* by my friends, Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, and law-student nearly out of my time, seein' that I have *but few dinners to ate!*" Here the rogue's eye gave an arch twinkle. Could it be that he meant the expression in more senses than one? What a glorious opportunity for the swelling bosom of a high souled patron to dilate itself into practical benevolence! But to enter into particulars, modesty and decency alike forbid.

"Mr. Cornelius O'Shaughnessy," I said, "I am singularly happy to form the acquaintance of a man of undoubted genius."

"Case aiquel!" was his curt reply;—a reply, of which I did not distinctly understand the meaning: but no doubt it was complimentary.

In a very few minutes I was seated in Mr. Corney O'Shaughnessy's *attic*—the proper locality, thought I, of wit and genius like his. Strange fact in natural and mental history, that thistles, the food of asses, and intellectual ambrosia, the pabulum of Gods, should both flourish best in rugged soil, exposed to the cutting blasts of adversity!

"Will your lordship please to pull a few of thim lucifer matches, while I'm gatherin' the bit of coal and wood?"

I did as I was directed, mindful of "the days when I was gipsying, (*alias*, striving to make ends meet) a long time ago!" It did not then appear that a peer I was to be made. I wish they could unmake me, for my name does not

bear *handling*. For comfort give me plain *Harry*, with pork chops and a pint of porter, or a toothful of garlic amongst my favourite *badauds* in *Paris*. As I have observed in my title-page, the promotion did not suit me. "Upon my head they've placed a fruitless crown!"—not worth half a crown in intrinsic value; but the *retiring* pension, *ma foi, c'est autre chose!* Peers, like their namesakes, to which gates and sometimes quays are attached, are obstructions which I take to be immoveable, except by the application of brute force. The characteristics of a *pier* do not apply to me; those of a *pick-axe* would be much more suitable—for my heart and soul are in the work of demolition.

But, to return to the lucifers, of which I should not make light now, as I was unable to do so then, I played the very devil with Corney's threehalfpenny box, phizzing them off with a momentary flash in the pan, and scattering the *débris* in handfuls over the floor.

"Arrah what the blazes are you fumblin' at?" said Corney. I thought his style of breeding rather savoured of the morasses of Connemara. Nevertheless, without observation, I handed him the box, from which he soon extracted a light, and as speedily gave birth in his diminutive grate to an infant conflagration.

What was my surprise, on seeing the strong light stream upon his marked features, to recognise the very individual who was arrested by one of the serjeant-at-arms' deputies in the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons, during the debates on the Irish Coercion Bill, for exclaiming in the midst of the Tory member for an Irish county's speech: "YOU LIE!" The fact, which appeared in the journals at the time, is perfectly well known. The name of the party was misreported in the newspapers; but *Corney* was the man. I myself had, by my good offices, which certain officials termed obtrusiveness, contributed to shorten the term of his imprisonment. Corney knew nothing of this himself: but I took especial care to remind him of it—having ever held in utter contempt, the absurd maxim:—

"Do good by stealth, &c."

I never could manage the *blushing* part of this line, of which I take the plain meaning to be that some men are such arrant rogues in disposition that even, when they

chance to do good, they must do it like *rapparees*. There is nothing manly, or open, or English in the adage. It is like *stealing* a march upon Satan! Upon a minuter inspection of the features of my newly-formed acquaintance, whose head would have formed an excellent study for that of *Captain Rock*, I could not help observing that his eye, an exceedingly brilliant one, betrayed occasional symptoms of wandering. MONOMANIAC seemed to be written there; and I confess that the notion instantaneously engendered in my breast a feeling of keener sympathy. The mutual consciousness of affliction is perhaps one of the strongest links that can bind human souls together. Patriotism and Poesy were the twin goddesses of *Corney's* idolatry—and, though otherwise sane enough, any allusion to these was too much for him, as the progress of our interview abundantly demonstrated. Is it not melancholy to reflect with Dryden how “thin” are the “partitions” which separate great minds from insanity?

Aristotle observes, in his *Poetics*, that “the mind of the genuine dramatic poet should be actuated by an enthusiasm closely allied to madness.” The latter part of this description is clearly applicable to Lytton Bulwer. Whether the former, *scilicet*—that of being a “genuine dramatic poet” is predicable of him, is a different question. *Richelieu* is by no means the real *Simon Pure*; and as for the *farrago* which is put in his mouth, it is simply a wild and exaggerated French monstrosity, only capable of being conceived by Bulwer's, or any other mongrel French imagination. To pass from dross and tinsel to genuine metal, *Corney's* whole soul was that of a poet, and his enthusiasm sincere and powerful—not like that of the author of *La Valliere*, a mere gutter in a storm!

The furniture, decorations, and entire arrangement of *Corney's* room were characteristic of the man. A second-hand, chipped, veneered mahogany table, minus one of the original legs, which was replaced by one of deal; three antiquated chairs, rickety and hobbling; one of them with but two legs, and, like Alexander, when he singly overleapt the walls of a city which he was besieging, *without any back*; a curtainless bed; a cumbrous writing-desk, stuffed with and buried beneath manuscripts; a pewter pot surmounting the heap, and stamping a sonnet with a reddish circle, that smelt strongly of an escape of beer; three

bottles whole, and six with the necks chopped off; a veteran harp, and still older bag-pipes, wheezy as a personified asthma; a glorious disarray of books of all shapes and sizes, many of them coverless; a coal-scuttle full of holes as the tubs of the Danaides; an irregular polygon of broken looking-glass, in which, not more than a single nostril could be seen at a time; a fragmentary inch and half of comb; a hair-brush (so ycleped by courtesy) cropped by the friction of years as close as a shaven lawn, with here and there a straggling bristle to indicate its original purpose; a cracked basin; a lipless jug; a razor so long in the service that it would have out-cockered Cocker, and startled Vito Mangiamiele himself, whom the Parisians styled in their enthusiasm, "*Le Napoleon des Numerós*," and puzzled our own Babbage's calculating machine, or gone to the marrow even of "Napier's bones" to cast up how many suicides it might have probably committed; a poker burnt down to the handle; a kettle, black as that "blanket of the dark" through which *Lady Macbeth* conjures heaven not to peep; these, with the ghost of a gridiron, whose ribs were attenuated to spider's threads, and a few other culinary utensils, formed the whole of the single-minded Corney's domestic apparatus.

The decorative portion of the apartment consisted of a multitudinous array of engravings of all sorts and sizes, like charity, covering the nakedness of his walls. Twelve of these, for I took the pains to reckon them, were what Corney called "plates of the LIBERATOR;" thus it is that O'CONNELL is styled by his benighted countrymen. To Corney's eye they were all "as like as pays,"—though to mine, they presented every variety of facial outline. Interspersed with these, were those of Grattan, and Sheridan, and Curran, and the venerable survivor, Burrowes, and Lords Charlemont and Moira, and a host of other Irish patriots. I remarked, that some of these had the frames reversed, and the faces turned to the wall; and when I inquired the reason, I was told very sharply, that "when mock-patriots turn their backs on themselves and their country, he would not suffer them to stare, with their impudent faces, on him."

"But stay," he said, "let me perform one act of justice. Let the daylight shine once more upon SHEIL. I thought he had turned his back upon bold IRELAND, and I made him

turn his back upon me—but he is now a *Greenwich pensioner* no longer—so here goes for another patriot's head in my Gallery of National Portraits."

Accordingly, *Corney* emancipated the distinguished orator from his "durance vile;" but swore that that impracticable marplot, SHARMAN CRAWFORD, (so he termed him,) should still "hide his diminished head."

To complete the picture of *Corney's sanctum*, it is necessary to observe, that over his mantel-piece were duly crossed, in martial order, a brace of pikes, which, he observed, with pride, had been wielded by his immediate ancestors at the battle of Ballynahinch. Beneath this frowning pendant, which was environed by a formidable array of horse-pistols and ancient implements of war—exhumed from bogs, was pasted the genealogical tree of the O'Shaughnessy family, traced, apparently, from before the flood, and surmounted by the escutcheon of that noble house, brilliantly emblazoned.

Seated at the deal-legged mahogany table, with two reeking hot tumblers of whiskey-toddy before us, which I have retained with singular fidelity the knack of compounding, ever since I sojourned in "Auld Reekie," my prospect of a pleasant night was not a little enhanced by the circumstance of *Corney* drawing the harp to his right side, and the bag-pipes to his left.

Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, I exclaimed with GRAY—

These are your golden keys, immortal boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy;

That ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears!

"Hurrah!" exclaimed *Corney*, "by the powers, we're in for the night," and he twanged his harp like a genuine "Minstrel Boy," when, after a masterly prelude, wound up with such thrilling *arpeggios* as would make the heart of Anacreon leap, he struck out at once with a voice as powerful as his instrumentation, into the following version of

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

I.

Ye high, immortal powers!
 Be the thirst of Freedom ours;
 That wine of life—that freshening dew of soul!
 Without her manhood pines,
 With her his spirit shines:
 Then deeply let us quaff Freedom's flowing bowl
 Then deeply let us quaff Freedom's bowl!

Gramachree, ma Cruiskeen!
 Slainte gal ma Vourneen,
 Gramachree, ma Cruiskeen lawn!
 Gramachree, ma Cruiskeen!
 Slainte gal ma Vourneen,
 Gramachree, ma Cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!
 Oh! Gramachree, ma Cruiskeen lawn!

II.

For Freedom battled TELL,
 And KOSCIUSKO fell;
 And WASHINGTON led millions to her goal!
 Shall Slavery's brand be ours?
 Forbid it, sacred powers!
 Were Death in it, we'll quaff Freedom's flowing bowl!
 Were Death in it, we'll quaff Freedom's bowl!
 Gramachree, &c.

III.

Beneath the Rose's shade
 The Shamrock 's left to fade;
 Her sunshine and her dew the Rose hath stole;
 But hearts are still alive
 Our Shamrock to revive
 By bathing it in Freedom's flowing bowl.
 By bathing it in Freedom's bowl!
 Gramachree, &c.

"I have heard before," I observed, "of drowning the Shamrock upon St. Patrick's night."

"That's just the allusion," replied *Corney*; "how mighty 'cute you are."

I bowed condescendingly; "Of my acuteness, I believe, there is no doubt entertained."

"Faix, you're the prince of political *sharpers*," said *Corney*. I am still in doubt as to what he meant.

I asked him for a copy of his version of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and subsequently of the effusions which follow, together with permission to edit and give them to the world, to which he cheerfully assented. I have preferred

retaining the originals in all their extravagance, to making even the slightest alteration in them, believing, with that most humorous of divines, my friend SYDNEY SMITH, that these "FOOLOMETERS" are well worthy the attention of the philosopher as "signs of the times" and *indices* of the pitch of that mercurial element—public opinion, among the classes with whom they associate.

Our second tumbler having been duly mixed, and flavoured with a nail-pairing of lemon-rind, CORNEY launched at once into the subject of our foreign policy, upon which endless topic I need not here dilate, having done so at some length in my preliminary pages. My opinions, I believe, upon all possible subjects "*et quibusdam aliis*" are tolerably well known to the world. At all events, it is not my fault if they are not; for when the papers do not report me, I take care that *Knight* and *Ridgway* do. And here again I am never a loser, for I am most solicitous about being paid for every pamphlet in advance. Thus, I put money in my purse, and disseminate my peculiar notions "*eodem ictu*." I hold the man to be a dolt, who places his candle under a bushel; and if to diffuse "Useful Knowledge," be not practical philanthropy, I know not what is.

Talking of the difficulties in which my especial friend *Louis Philippe* has been latterly placed, *Corney* raved in the most extravagant fashion about the failure of the recent attempted *émeute* at the *Portes St. Denis* and *St. Martin*; and seizing his harp, he sang with great spirit the following version of

LA PARISIENNE.

I.

Men of France, renowned for bravery!

Lo! Freedom unveils her charms;

They would brand our souls with slavery;

In thunder we've cried—"To arms!"

Oh! hear ye that shout uproarious;

PARIS swells her chorus glorious.

Let us on, men! on

Freedom's foes upon!

Advance

For France,

'Gainst volleyed fire and lance!

Rush on and be victorious!

Rush on and be victorious!

II.

Serried ranks, support each other !
 Each Parisian youth be prepared,
 Fair France, his glorious mother,
 With a full cartouche to guard !
 Oh ! hear ye that shout uproarious ? &c.

III.

In vain 'neath the grape we're falling ;
 It but gives new warriors birth !
 And beardless boys are appalling
 With valourous feats the earth !
 Oh ! hear ye, &c.

IV.

Whose eye now marks your behaviour ?
 Whose red flag flouts the foe ?
 'Tis of two great worlds the saviour—
 LAFAYETTE, with his hair of snow !
 Oh ! hear ye, &c.

V.

The proud *Tricolor* doth lead us ;
 And Napoleon's Column displays
 The rainbow hues that freed us,
 To a nation's raptured gaze !
 Oh ! hear ye, &c.

VI.

(*Slow and solemn.*)

Ye drums, teaching victory's moral,
 Oh ! solemn and deep be your roll,
 While tearful we load with laurel
 Our brothers' funereal pall !
 Oh ! Temple, so mournfully glorious !
 PANTHEON, record their stories ;
 While our MARTYRS we bear,
 Let this be our prayer :
 Immortal be all
 In Freedom's cause who fall ;
 O'er Tyranny victorious ;
 O'er Tyranny victorious !

"Immensely literal and yet sufficiently spirited," I observed—"It is in this," replied *Corney*, "that its principal merit consists. The metre is a very difficult one, and yet it sings, I think, as fluently as the original."

"The genius of each language," I remarked, "would not

permit of a closer version. How, for instance, would it be possible to translate into English,

‘ Ces vieux généraux de vingt ans ? ’

But what has become of the verse in which the praises of LOUIS PHILIPPE, the

‘ Soldat du drapeau tricolore.’

are commemorated ?”

“ Where is the scoundrel in France,” *replied Corney*, “ who would sing it, if we except placemen and expectants ? Has not the perjured ORLEANS strangled in their very cradle the infant liberties of France ?”

I saw that *Corney* was not in a frame of mind to listen to the apologetic oration which I wrote six weeks since in defence of my royal friend. So I desisted from what I felt would be a labour of supererogation.

The anomalous political condition of the German states came next upon the *tapis* ; and after launching into a magnificent strain upon the absurdity of divided democracies elbowing pure despotisms upon the same map, and in the same Congress, he took a bird’s eye view of the infamous treatment which the venerable professors of the University of Göttingen experienced from their new Sovereign, and the bloody and brutal dragooning of the students who assembled to offer them an honourable escort upon their departure. He then sang to a wild and fantastic German air, the following

HYMN FOR THE STUDENTS OF GÖTTINGEN.

I.

Awake, ALLEMAINE !
 From thy slumber awake ;
 And shake off thy chain
 For Humanity’s sake !
 Shall the savage unlettered
 E’er pant to be free,
 While Slavery’s bondage
 Dishonours ev’n THEE ?

II.

Arouse, ALLEMAINE !
 From thy death-seeming trance ;
 Besotted as SPAIN,
 And derided of FRANCE !

New Tyrants are forging
 New fetters to gall thee ;
 Arise, ALLEMAINE !
 Or may ages enthral thee !

III.

Wake, wake, ALLEMAINE !
 For the last of thy lords
 Thy young blood hath spilt
 With his satellite swords !
 At the portal, fair Science,
 That leads to thy fane,
 His horsemen have charged them ;
 Awake, ALLEMAINE !

IV.

Arise, ALLEMAINE !
 From the storm that hath lowered,
 Let the lightning of vengeance
 Spring forth on the coward !
 Shall thy gray-headed sages
 Invoke thee in vain ?
 They are mourning in exile ;—
 Awake, ALLEMAINE !

“What think you of Spain ?” said I, chiming in with the last line.

“There is rhyme and reason in your question,” he replied ; “SPAIN is the most besotted country upon earth, and the most unmindful of her ancient glories—fallen, miserable, idiot-ruled, baby-ridden GREECE alone excepted ! Oh ! for a halter round the throat of the villain MABOTO ! and the shaven head and scourge of a female mad-house for CARLOS, the imbecile pretender, and ORHO, the gingerbread king !”

I did not think him far astray in the selection of his votive offerings, and I felt rather pleased to observe, that, warming with his subject, my friend CORNEY, evidently a well-educated man, had dropt the tom-foolery of his “brogue,” less natural than assumed, or rather forced into observation by the excess of his nationality. Sighing out the name of “Spain,” and modulating with great spirit into the key of D major, which I at once recognised, being a consummate master of music as of all other sciences, he burst forth with the following :—

AIR—" *Libertad ! Libertad Sacrosancta !*"

I.

Let the brave, let the brave and unfettered
 Drain the goblet, fair Freedom, to thee !
 On the slave, on the slave be it shattered,
 Unless the slave pant to be free !
 In glory, in glory we'll perish,
 Ere tyrants shall wither our plains ;
 This nectar, this nectar shall cherish
 No dastard that spurns not his chains !
 Let the brave—let the brave and unfettered
 Drain the goblet, fair Freedom, to thee !
 On the slave, on the slave be it shattered,
 Unless the slave pant to be free !

II.

For our homes, for our homes and our altars,
 For our wives and our children we fight ;
 We but scoff at their gibbets and halters,
 As bursts FREEDOM's sun into light !
 While our rights—while our rights we are seeking,
 Great Power ! 'tis thy will we maintain ;
 Though our swords, though our swords may be reeking
 With blood, 'tis in rending the chain !
 Let the brave, let the brave and unfettered
 Drain the goblet, fair Freedom, to thee !
 On the slave, on the slave be it shattered,
 Unless the slave pant to be free !

" I know these Spaniards well," observed *Corney* ;
 " though many of them are brave, and though they all prate
 about liberty, with the great bulk of the nation it is but as
 a ' tinkling cymbal.' "

I was able to confirm this observation by my own experience, having remarked, on the cover of more than one Spanish acquaintance's *cigarite* book, for the formation of their favourite little paper cigars, a splendid engraving of the siege of *Safuntum*, (an ancient enough reminiscence, heaven knows !) with the following magniloquent inscription :—

" A España Gloria Immortal !

" Sagunto Dá Pereciendo

" Antes que Vencida Ardiendo."

Thus, it is quite apparent that their notions about liberty are *all smoke* !

With our third tumbler, came a merrier mood ; " *Corney*," said I, " hand me over those bag-pipes."

Corney passed his hands over his eyes, and exclaimed, "Is it drhamin', I am?"

"Nonsense, Corney," I replied; "like my countryman, Crichton, 'the admirable,' I am skilled in every educational embellishment, as well as versed in every deeper attainment. Lytton Bulwer and I have long contended for the palm of being pronounced the accomplished ALCIBIADES of the present age. Lytton Bulwer draws—so do I. He waltzes—so do I. He fences—so do I."

"Yes, and by my sowl," said Corney, "you sometimes make *palpable hits*."

"Bulwer sings love-songs—I sing too; mine are usually of the *Polly-tickle* description. He plays the fiddle—so do I."

"Is it a *Scotch* fiddle your lordship manes?" said Corney.

"Exactly. He writes and he spouts—so do I—a trifle. In all these accomplishments, we are *ex æquo*. So, determined to outstrip him, I have brushed up, of late, my early acquaintance with the Highland pipes; and, though I shall not be quite *au fait* of yours, I'll do my best. *H. B.*, you will perceive, was not far wrong when he drew me in this character. I intend to give you a stave on the subject of our Foreign Policy."

After blowing a distinguished *fugue*, I treated Corney to the following song:—

AIR—"In the Days when we went Gipsying."

I.

In the *palmy* days of England,
Ere PALMY protocolled,
The rampant Lion awed the world;
His roar all earth appalled!
Now gently as a sucking dove,
Like *Bottom* in the play,
He sinks into an under-growl,
While Donkeys at him bray!
Good lack! Good lack! The altered time!
St. George! It was not so,
In the palmy days of England—
A long time ago!

II.

His Kingship PALMY poisoned at
St. JAMES's t'other day,
Where latterly they've trained him for
Theatrical display.

Poor baited beast! his dying moans
 Of scoffers would make weepers;
 Before he dies, I hope that he'll
Decapitate his keepers!

Good lack! Good lack! The altered time!
 St. George! It was not so,
 In the palmy days of England—
 A long time ago!

III.

The French baboon, that once he could
 Have crushed with half a paw,
 Now chatters louder than his roar,
 And bids him "hold his jaw!"
 Oh, *Hal!* and *Cœur de Lion!* you
 Who made the earth to quail,
 The Russian Bear now fouls his lair
 Who dreaded once his tail!

Good lack! Good lack! The altered time!
 St. George! It was not so,
 In the palmy days of England—
 A long time ago!

Corney's praise of this composition was unbounded. No doubt, it is unrivalled, *like all my productions*; but I did not like to be hugged after *Corney's* fashion; it was almost as bad as an embrace of the Russian Bear himself.

Corney immediately seized the pipes, and struck up the following merry lilt:—

AIR—"The Groves of *Blarney*."

I.

It's darlin' Dublin
 There's sows right noble in,
 Though "Care and Trouble" in
 It rents a store!
 The boys is witty,
 And the girls is pretty,
 Faix! thin its a pity,
 They've not goold galhore!
 Starved cats is mewin'
 In aich mansion's ruin,
 While my Lord's purshuin'
 His travels, Lord knows where!
 Och! dear darlin' Dublin
 There's sows so noble in,
 The Devil burn thim that's throublin'
 Their shanks to rove elsewhere!

II.

Shure, its in Londin
 There's nivir done din,
 But your ears is stunned in,
 Och, jist like a fair!
 Aich Cockney shpinster
 Prates av Westminster,
 An' the Juke of Leinster's
 Great, gran' house that shouldn't be there!
 Likewise their bridges,
 An' their long house-ridges
 All as thick as midges
 In the summer's days;
 But, my nate-sized Dublin!
 It's all a bubble in
 Comparin' wid your
 Magni-fishin' quays!

III.

Thim Paris beggars
 Sure they carries daggers,
 Sich *impur-lite nagurs*
 Is the Parlywoos!
 Thin, as for Madrid,
 All-jeers an' Bagdad,
 An' names I've fagged at
 Wid my Jay-O'Graphic muse.
 Constantinople, and
 The Cape o' True Hope, and
 The blissid Pope, and
 His diamond *fhluures*!
 Och! dear darlin' Dublin!
 It's only cobblin'
 Thim *furrin* builders
 Was, compared to yours!

IV.

We've corporators
 As plump as *taters*,
 For sonsy aifers
 Is our aldermin, you know;
 Och, blood an' thunder!
 I only wonder
 Their thievin' plunder
 Didn't choke thim long ago!
 We've undertakers
 In the Guild of Bakers,
 An' coffin-makers
 Gildin' stomach-pills!
 Och! dear, darlin' Dublin,
 This civic gobblin'
 Is fine divarshion, shure,
 But you must pay the bills!

V.

There's marchints stock it's
 Purlews—their pockets
 Crammed wid pawn-dockets,
 Yet they're aldermin!
 Huxters and prockthers
 Pass off for docthers
 An' bowld decocthers
 Av medicine!
 There's tailors knighted,
 An' fat wives delighted,
 Made ladies slighted
 The ould greengrocer's trade;
 Och, dear darlin' Dublin!
 There's many a dead hobgoblin
 An' livin' lowsey snip
 A freeman made!

VI.

Och, my bould O'CONNELL!
 Won't you spihle their fun all?
 An' it's whin they're gone all,
 They'll make fine fat ghosts!
 Wid all their faste-in'
 An' their turtle-tastin'
 Faix! they'll want no baistin'
 Whin they're put to roast!
 The dirty beggars!
 The natarnel nagurs!
 If once the tigera
 Was clapped in Ould Nick's pound;
 Och! dear darlin' Dublin!
 I'd rather hobble in
 Your streets a cripple than walk
 In state on furrin ground!

VII.

Thin the Liberator,
 That grand debater,
 The sorrow a nater
 Down from Merrion Square
 To College Green bowlin'
 In his carriage rowlin',
 Aich 'divydial sowl in
 Dublin will be there!
 The Tories mopin,—
 How they'll all be copin'
 For to see him open
 Our Parliamint so gran';
 When Mr. Spaiker
 The chair 'll take—or
 In troth I think he'll
 Give it up to DAN!

VIII.

Thin, the lovely cratures
 Wid sich forms an' faytures—
 The pearls of Nature,
 Made for to be kist!
 Och, the dear delighters!
 An' the short-hand-writers—
 Bowld speech-indithers,
 All with *pine* shtuck in aich fist!
 Och, *thonamondiaoual*
 Wid an oaken towel
 I'd disembowel
 Till his hide was sore,
 Any shabby tailor
 That's no REPALER;
 Och *gramachree, ma vournees*,
 DUBHILIN ASTHORE!

There was no stopping *Corney* now; so away he rattled through the following songs, accompanying himself as merrily with the pipes, as if he were figuring away at the famous Irish Wedding of *Ballyporeen*; I did not forget, at the end of each, to mix a fresh glass of punch:—

RUSTICUS EXPECTAT.

AIR—"The Time I've lost in Wooing."

I.

The time we've lost in cooin',
 In billin' soft, and wooin'
 With tender hint
 Dame PARLIAMINT,
 Has well nigh proved our ruin!
 Our *caubeens* while we're settin',
 Petitionin', coquettin',
 We've turned her brain
 So ould and vain,
 An' *sphiled* her wid this pettin'!

II.

The devil saize the Spinster
 In Munster, Connaught, Leinster,
 Has crooked ways
 So hard to plase
 As *Molly* of *Westminster*!
 So cranky and so taisin'—
 So peevish and unplaisin'
 A man as soon
 Might rajch the moon
 As bring her round to raisin'!

III.

What oglin' and what spyin'!
 Her favors dearly buyin'!
 What alavish tricks
 In vain to fix
 Her sickle humour tryin'!
 Och! b'lieve me boys *sinsarely*,
 Sich coortin' wins but rarely—
 Be off at once,
 You *omadhwans*,
 And pop the question fairly!

IV.

Faint heart, they tell us, never
 Succeeded in th' endeavour
 To make the fair
 Soft transports share
 And smile upon her lover!
 No; while her frown assails us,
 An' whin persuasion fails us,
 A little force
 Is all ~~is~~ *coorse*;
 There's nought so much avails us!

SWINGING JERVIS.

"The rasint manifesto," observed *Corney* "put forth by this *honourable* jintleman, was like a dose of *rat-afia* to the Whigs; and by my *sowl* it must have sickened them. We have a way in Ireland of puttin' a nickname—

On *spalpeens* that want for to play us a trick!

In his case, its the aisyyest thing in life. His name, you know is *Swinfin Jarvis*. Now, only put one letter for another, and that the very next letter in the alphabet, and you've *Swingin' Jarvis* as nate as my nail, and as complate a charraktur, as ever was given to a sarvint of the public that's *goin' to be dismissed*." *Corney* then rattled away to the tune of

AIR—"Heigh for Bob and Joan!"

Heigh for BOB's return!
 MELBOURNE's *suck* a pass in!
 Who's to hang the WHIGS?
 Who the rope will fasten?
 Now's your time, ye Rads!
 Rat, men—dont be nervous;
 Promptly at the call
 Starts up SWINGING JERVIS!

*I shall play Jack Ketch !
 'I'm the man to swing 'em !
 Once they were my friends ;
 Powerless now, I'll sting 'em !
 Play up straight JIM CROW ;
 SIR BOB ! I'm at your service ;
 I'll supply the rope ;
 My name is SWINGING JERVIS !*

" THE HEAVEN OF INVENTION ! "

AIR—" *Oh ! I had two Sons, and a Son-in-law,
 Was kilt in the Wars of America !*"

I.

Oh ! this is the Age of Inventions grand ;
 And " PATENT " is the word both by sea and land ;
 In seven-leagued boots you may cross to NEW YORK,
 Or turn a *pirouette* upon legs of cork !
 If, going on a voyage, you once bring on board
 A jacket of the same, you're 'gainst drowning insured ;
 And cowards who indulge in knavish tricks
 May guard with ASPHALTE their behind from kicks !

*Musha, rum ti aa, rum ti aa,
 Rum ti aa, musha, rum ti aa !*

II.

The *India-rubber* that we used at school
 To wipe from our copy-books the pencil-rule,
 Now furnishes *togs* for our outer man,
 And bids the snubbed shower reach our skins,—if it can !
 We're all waterproof from head to foot—
 Hat, cape, inexpressibles, defy a water-butt ;
 And twinges of conscience are now all a joke,
 For you've only to lay on some ELASTIC CAOUTCHOUC !

*Musha, rum ti aa, rum ti aa,
 Rum ti aa, musha, rum ti aa !*

III.

Such " Joint-Stocks " are formed, none but fools need be poor ;
 And for much less than nothing you your life may insure !
 The Railroads will soon put a stop to horse-breeding,
 And beggars will be paid mettled steeds for feeding !
 'Tis clear that STEAM-PARSONS our children will marry,
 STEAM-DOCTORS will slay them, and STEAM-SEXTONS bury :
 Lord send us STEAM-MINISTERS, when these are gone ;—
 We shall then stand a chance of *moving on* !

*Musha, rum ti aa, rum ti aa,
 Rum ti aa, musha, rum ti aa !*

THE BLISTER SALVE.

AIR—" *The Land of Potatoes.*"

I.

Were Ireland as clear
 Of her Law-church, *so dear*,
 As that Church, this blest year.
 Of a flock for each Parson;
 Untrammelled by Tithe,
 Oh! we'd handle so blithe
 Spade, shovel, and scythe
 Without murder or arson!
 We likes our own coorse,
 And we niver liked force,
 No, nor faix! a light purse
 Just for nothing made lighter;
 And before that we're taxed
 To pay spiritual quacks,
 Faith we likes to be *axed*,
 Though the quack wore a mitre!
 All so rolicking,
 Gay and frolicking,
 Blithe, and jolly; king
 Ne'er could look merrier;
 If when we paid
 For the sowl-savin' trade,
 We could choose our own *shade*,
 And just fee our own burier!
 Farral lal lal, &c.

II.

Yet I frankly agree
 That we'd more happy be,
 Could we ate but a *wee*
 Bit of pig to our praties;
 And if some of our *rint*
 Jist amongst us was spint;
 Take, darlints, this hint,
 Ere to *mind* it too late is!
 For by Ireland's ould glories,
 A ship-load of Tories
 Sent to the *John Dories*
 Would make us more aisy;
 So "live and let live,"
 Or we'll *take* more than *give*,
 And to *say* in a *sieve*,
 Faix, we'll sind and amaze you;
 All so rolicking,
 Gay and frolicking,
 Blithe and jolly; king
 Ne'er looked so *smilin'*, oh.

Take this soft hint,
Thin, and lower the rint,
Aye, and let it be spint
In the Imerald Island, oh!
Farral lal lal, &c.

THE COCKNEY'S LAMENT;

OR,

THE HIBERNIAN TRITONS AMONGST THE MINNOWS.

AIR—" *The Young May Moon.*"

I.

Upon my soul, we're undone, Tom!
By these Irish lads in London, Tom;
They've such ways with the fair,
We're cut out, I declare;
They'll have ne'er with their frolic and fun done, Tom.
There's Mary, the lovely heiress, Tom,
And she that was Lady Mayoress, Tom,
And dowagers ten,
And the Countess of N.
Have long ago ceased to stare us, Tom.

II.

Now, doesn't it make you sad, eh, Tom?
No wonder 'twould drive us mad; eh, Tom?
I've found it all out,
And the reason's, no doubt,
That they'll look at no man but a PADDY, Tom!
They're all so strapping and dashing, Tom,
With their eyes so brightly flashing, Tom,
And they've got such an air,
And such figures, I swear,
That in London they're leading the fashion, Tom!

III.

Yet still we *must* look civil, Tom;
For they fight like any born devil, Tom;
Keep your tongue in your cheek,
For, your mind if you speak,
Faith! they'll blow you away like a swivel, Tom!
No wonder we'd be jealous, Tom,
When ladies their praises bellows, Tom,
And bid us, poor flats!
"Take after the Pats,
"They all are such fine brave fellows," Tom!

IV.

Their *brogue* you now must copy, Tom,
Or they'll set you down for a *shop boy*, Tom ;
And their devil-may-care

And swaggering air—

When I quizz'd, the girls called me a fop ; eh, Tom ?
'Tis a rope I'd wish to lend them, Tom,
But 'tis plain we *mustn't* offend them, Tom ;

May *Dan* and his *tail*

Win that cursed *Repale*,

That to Connaught or Hell we may send them, Tom !

" Haven't you an expression in Ireland," I observed,
" about banging *banging her* ?"

" Tut, man, its *banging Bannagher*, you mean," replied
Corney, which clearly bangs the devil !"

" Just so ; well, the impudence of that last song of
yours," I replied, "*bangs Bannagher*, which *bangs*, or *beats*,
I presume it means ;—in other words, surpasses or eclipses
the devil himself."

" You're at your wordy distinctions again, my lord,"
replied *Corney*. " In troth, I'd rather you'd give us a
song."

" Willingly," I replied, resuming the pipes ; and, in my
own peculiar style of excellence, " in many a winding
bout,"

" With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
My melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony !"

I sang the following to the air of

" *The Light of other Days.*"

I.

The light of WHIGGERY is faded,
And all its glories past !
Poor MELBOURNE's clique is deep degraded—
Its power is waning fast !
To cling by reeds, when they are broken,
Insanity betrays ;
Tut ! eat up every sentence spoken,
De-light of other days !

II.

Their empire's falling *by divisions*,
And I out-croak the frogs,
Throw water on these squalling kittens,
And stone the drowning dogs !

To *rat* in time 's your sole true wisdom ;
 I've snuffed their faded rays ;
 They smell like oil in greasy sockets,
 These lights of other days !

III.

A queer old Whig said once—(Fox ever
 Shone forth with glaring light)
 " What morally is wrong is never
 Politically right."
 Pooh ! pooh ! This adage stale and musty
 My policy unsays ;
 Since dwindled to a farthing rushlight 's
 The light of other days !

Corney and I then entered into a lengthened discussion upon the relative merits of the two great rivals, expediency and principle. I found him to entertain upon this subject the most impracticable notions, so that I was but knocking my head against a post. We were both, however, fully agreed, that in the calculations of the great bulk of our modern political economists, *interest* completely supersedes *principle* ; and that the latter is reduced to a mere " negative quantity."

" By my sowl," said *Corney*, who appeared to be quite tired of the discussion, " I feel I am beginning to talk thick, so I'm no match for you in *palaverin'* now ; for, at the best of times, I couldn't hold a candle to you."

" No matter, *Corney* ; but, as it is growing late, just rouse me up *Nora Creina* before we part."

" That I will, and with new words. There's a celebrated whip in Ireland ; and I'm bound to give him a cracker to his thong ; by my sowl, and it 's of whipcord too, sure enough."

Without more preamble, *Corney* proceeded as follows :

AIR—" *Nora Creina*."

1.

Once there lit a pigmy fly
 Upon the lip of a mighty lion ;
 Timorous first, he, bye and bye
 Began to buzz,—his littleness fie on !
 Clapping his wings, he strove to make
 A meal on the lip of the tawny giant,
 Who swallowed poor *Lilliput* up in a crack,
 Just as a lawyer swallows his client !

See, poor *Peter Simple* ! here
 A type of your fate, you angry pimple !
 Shocking your case,
 Of foul disgrace,
 Paltry, bedevilled *Peter Simple* !

II.

Once there lived a tiny frog—
 You'll find this case in an ancient fable—
 Who said to his neighbours in a bog :
 “To equal an ox in size I'm able !”
 Wretched atom ! he strove, so vain,
 To make his body look big and swelly ;
 At last, with one tremendous strain,
 Poor little devil, he—*burst his belly* !
 See, poor *Peter Simple* ! here
 A type of your fate, you angry pimple !
 Cobbler's last
 Should ne'er be past,
 Paltry, bedevilled *Peter Simple* !

III.

Once a school-boy spied a balloon ;
 To reach it he tried with a vile soap-bubble ;
 Quoth he : “ I'll blow my suds to the moon !”
 And he took a deuced deal of trouble !
 His pipe was long, and his suds were thick,
 And many a bubble burst the urchin ;
 At length he made himself deadly sick,
 And got for his pains—a *hell of a birching* !
 See, poor *Peter Simple* ! here
 A type of your fate, you angry pimple !
 Fleas, in fact,
 When caught, are cracked,
 Paltry, bedevilled *Peter Simple* !

“ Upon my word (*hiccup*) you have administered a tolerably strong decoction (*hiccup*) of birch wood,” I remarked, as I compounded my ninth decoction of whiskey punch, when *Corney* said that he would detain me only for a few minutes while he recited, for the purpose of hearing my opinion of it, a NATIONAL ODE, which he had composed in metre similar to that of the celebrated Scottish lyrical composition ;—
 “ The Bible of the Ha'.” I readily assented, and *Corney* proceeded as follows :—

I.

GOD of our Father-land !
 Whose arm not yet hath paralysed her foes ;
 Whose mighty hand
 Upholds her still 'midst all her countless woes ;
 In ceaseless gratitude our hearts are poured
 To Thee, our loving Sire—our chastening King and LORD !

II.

First, for our own green Isle,
 We thank Thee, SIRE ! that made that Isle so fair ;
 And poured thy smile
 In sunshine, and in emerald verdure there !
 If man hath marred it, GOD ! we tax not thee ;
 Not THOU, but miscreants crushed an Isle that once was free !

III.

We thank Thee, LORD ! for all
 The plenteous growth that crowns our harvest toil—
 The fruits that fall—
 The grain that gushes o'er our teeming soil !
 We thank Thee, LORD ! for all, though all hath sped
 To foreign shores, that mock our prayer for "daily bread !"

IV.

We thank Thee, mighty LORD !
Burrowing in holes of mud, we thank Thee still !
 Even though a word
 From our Agrarian Plagues, whose law's their will,
 May send us houseless forth upon the heath ;
 Wives—infants—palsied sires—the shivering sports of death !

V.

We do not murmur, GOD !
 Though ROBBERY, hid 'neath meek RELIGION's mask,
 With LAW's strong rod
 Lash us to madness, and insulting ask
 The last poor root from out our children's hand—
 The last poor blanket seize for priests from foreign land !

VI.

They call us "Perjurors"—"Slaves !"
 Thou know'st, oh GOD ! our steadfastness and truth !
 Stretched in their graves,
 Our martyred sires make zealots of our youth !
 They call 's "Idolators ;"—LORD ! Thy will be done !
 Our crime is to reverse the MOTHER of thy SON !

VII.

Their hands our homes assail,
 And tax us to support the shrines we hate !
 Fair cheeks are pale ;
The son is slaughtered at his mother's gate ;
 And reverend men, too, rot in jails for tithe ;
 And REBELS we are called, who smite not—who but writhe !

VIII.

We ask for equal rights;
 They answer us with contumely and scorn!
 And he who fights
 For England in her need,—victorious borne
 In the first ranks, 'gainst all her boldest foes,
 Gets buffets in return for dealing lustiest blows!

IX.

We ask for equal laws
 In whining voice,—that should be loud as thunder!
 The LION'S jaws
 We ask, disgorge a portion of his plunder;
 They laugh our prayer to scorn, as idle breath,
Because we ne'er, like them, have spurned our fathers' faith!

X.

Arise, oh LORD! Arise,
 And justify thy steadfast worshippers;
 Forth from the skies
 Avenge with lightning all our blood and tears!
 How long shall thy pure faith do man a wrong,
 And badge a nation "Slaves"—"How long, oh LORD! how long?"

I praised the composition; (hiccup)—whilst mixing my eighth—ninth (hiccup) my ninth tumbler—seventh—sixth—eleventh—(hiccup) but reprobated (as I could scarcely do sufficiently (hiccup) in-suffici-ficiently—that is to say (hiccup) deficiently—inefficiently (hiccup),) the extravagance of the sentiments (hiccup) sentimentalism, or sentimentality—which you will.—*Corney* was, however, quite content (hiccup) with the tribute (hiccup) which I paid to his po—his po—po—po—his po-etical powers; and having (hiccup) drunk "*deoch an dorrish*," and also *being drunk*, I fear,—for my part, drunk; no, tips—tipsy, I mean, that is elevated—fuddled—muddled—(hiccup) in other words, literally intoxicated (hiccup) as a lord should be,—*Corney* placed, that is, located—allocated—(hiccup) deposited me in a cab—cab—cabriolet (hiccup) alongside of a hired (hiccup) hired, venal and corrupt, whip (hiccup) who had the temerity (hiccup)—the audacity to mulct me in a superfluous (hiccup), supernumerary sixpence, for his care (hiccup) and solicitude in preserving my person. They put me to bed (hiccup) in my brute (hiccup)—brute (hiccup)—MY boots!! and applied wet cloths—cloths (hiccup)—*lintea madida* to my forehead (hiccup)—my forehead—my noble and intellectual forehead (hiccup), as I used to do (hiccup) when I was Chance—Chance—(hiccup) Lord

High Chancellor (hiccup) of Eng—Eng—England—Eng—
(hiccup) Eng—

* * * * *

When I wakened in the morning, I found in my hands, a tolerably extensive *portefeuille* of scraps and pieces in *Corney's* peculiar strain, from which I have made the following selections, accompanied, in many instances, by my own invaluable annotations. *Vive, vale, dulcissime Lector!* What an infamous pen!—*It positively makes my hand shake!* Curse this head-ache!

BROOM AND FOX.

HOW TO PACIFY IRELAND:

An Incantation Scene after Macbeth.

The parts of the Three Witches by Lyndhurst, Peel, and Wellington.

That of *Hecate* (*alias Hell-Cat*) by *Stanley*.

1st Witch :—Thrice I've heard the Tithe-pig squeak!

2d Witch :—Thrice; and once the blood-hound howled!

3d Witch :—And the angry Papist scowled!

1st Witch :—Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw—

Bigotry's ferocious heart,

Hellish hate in every part—

With sweltered venom burning hot—

Boil thou first i' the charm'd pot!

All :—Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

2d Witch :—Fanatic's distempered zeal

Opening wounds that ne'er can heal;

Phrenzy of the foiled rector,

Armed in vain as tithe-collector;

Spleen of the expectant bishop,

Who no rich fat see can fish up;

Angry gall of unpaid parson,

Breathing nought but blood and arson!

Writ exploded of rebellion,

Tithing "ruffian's" tongue of scullion;

"Torney's reckoning of your losses,

Victims of Exchequer process!

Heart of bailiff! head of Peeler!

Agent's mercy! tears of gaoler!

Murdered peasant's gory gullet,

Torn in twain by proctor's bullet;

Rank injustice, with its stench

From the parson on the bench;—

All for ERIN's greater trouble

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble!

All :—Double, double toil and trouble!
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

3d Witch :—Charity of Saint M'Ghee,
And Delany's chastity!
Bowels of that pious man,
Mortimer O'Sullivan!
Alexander's greedy gut—
Gregg's polemics—Nolan's smut—
With thy brain, *Professor Butt*!
And the kindness-whey, and curds
Of the bloody Beresfords!
Philpott's Christian meekness—all
The christian love in Ex'ter Hall!

Peel, as 2d Witch :—Lyndhurst's truth-exploring zeal!

Lyndhurst, as 1st Witch :—And the honesty of Peel!
And the patriot feelings won
From the heart of Wellington!

Wellington, as 3d Witch :—Add the speculation-haters
'Mongst the Dublin corporators;
Add their solvency—if found
To pay a sixpence in the pound!
Add the blessing of Poor Rates
To Orange clearers of estates;
Wicklow, and Westmeath, and Lorton—
Crushing craw-thumpers, pure sport in!
Add the pauper-peasant's groan,
Flung upon the flinty stone,
At the brink of horror's gulf,—
Famine, with its fangs of wolf,
Slaying him as sure as dagger,
Vile, ejected, Papist beggar!
Add to this pure British justice,
Doled in mincing doses,—trust us!
Right curtailed, and franchise fettered,
Bills that none of 'em have bettered;
Twenty-five per centage, lest
They should fail to pay the rest;
Add their Corporation Bills
Hacked and *burked* by lordly wills—
Money-grants—a good round sum—
Add—*when at Tib's eve they come*,
With their franchises enlarged,
And their justice-debt discharged;
Add the beauteous Bench *Reform*,
With the parson's seats kept warm;
Add the patriotism of Plunkett,
And Spring Rice's—ere he sunk it!
Add to the collection curious
Orange sheriffs, *Orange* juries,
Orange chairmen of the county,
Bailliffs fed by *Orange* bounty;
Orange justices and judges,
Orange spites and *Orange* grudges!

Orange clerks at every board,
 Orange hangmen—Orange cord !
 Orange beadles, Orange Peelers,
 Orange mud-and-dung-cart wheelers !
 Orangemen, in every form,
 Battening like a locust-swarm ;
 Add the blood and tears and wo
 Of INNISCARRA and GURTROE :
 Add thereto each traitor's stab
 To make the gruel thick and slab ;
 Add British sympathy, so maudlin,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron !

All.—Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble !

Stanley, as Hecate.—Ere we pour the hell-broth out
 Ireland's length and breadth about,
 Cool it with her champion's blood ;
 Then the charm is firm and good !

EBRINGTON'S A MULGRAVE STILL !

AIR.—" *Night closed around the Conqueror's Way.*"

I.

Loved Erin ! thou hast nought to fear
 From faction's hate, while rules thy friend ;
 Dash proudly from thine eye the tear ;
 Thy woes are doomed to have an end !
 True ; MULGRAVE's person thou hast lost,—
 But not his zeal—his generous will ;
 His potent hand still guards thy coast,
 For EBRINGTON's a MULGRAVE still !

II.

The sword of Justice, and the scales
 Nice-poised that arm as strongly bears ;
 That eye the bigot's cheek bepales,—
 That hand to loose the fetter dares !
 Still shall a high-souled, dauntless man
 Thy tyrants with confusion fill—
 Sustain thy friends—thy foes make wan—
 For EBRINGTON's a MULGRAVE still !

III.

Rail on, ye madmen ! Faction's ghosts !
 Howl, bloodhounds foiled of fiendish mirth !
 Rail, Senators ! whose proudest boast's
 To foul the land that give you birth !
 Still Right shall rule and Justice shine,
 Although your caverned hearts it chill !—
 Still Power shall march on Duty's line,
 For MORPETH is a MULGRAVE still !

"The purgation of Ireland from noxious animals," observes *Corney* in a note, "went beyond even the power of *St. Patrick*; and the old alliteration applied to Ireland: 'Ubi nulla venena veniunt, nec serpens serpit in herbâ!' has been utterly falsified by such reptiles as *Conolly* and *Percival*, as *Lefroy* and *Litton*, as *Jackson* and *Emerson*—the *quondam* tobacconist;—vipers that take a pleasure in stinging the very breast which has given them warmth and nutriment;—whose forked and envenomed tongues supply us but too sedulously with the unceasing *irritamenta malorum*! 'Ugly and venomous' like the *toad* as they all are, there is not one amongst them that realises the assertion of the poet about 'bearing a *precious jewel* in its head.' Their heads are as leaden as their hearts are callous;—their speeches, for the most part, obtain insertion in the newspapers through the means of copies multiplied upon the MANIFOLD PENNY-A-LINING SYSTEM, interpolated with the 'hear, hears' and 'cheers' beforehand; and through their stupidity, not less than their heartlessness, they are an utter disgrace to their country!

"In the debate upon *SHAW*'s motion, *O'CONNELL* admirably observed, that 'Among other men the love of fatherland was a natural and all-powerful feeling; it was their pride to exalt and glorify the land of their birth. Among these, the disposition was to traduce, and vilify, and calumniate their country. They were familiar with nothing but villainy, and blood, and crime. There were some soils that unfortunately produced venomous and crawling things, odious and disgusting to the sight. (Cheers, vehemently re-echoed by the Opposition.) They might hiss, but they could not sting!'

"By the bye, I should observe of *Emerson*, that his parrot speeches, all delivered *by rote*, excite nothing but contempt and disdain in the House, when they do not provoke a yawn, or produce the sedative effect of sleep. His drowsy columns are uniformly composed of tissues of gross misstatements, interlarded with misunderstood and misapplied quotations from *McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary*. Belfast, be proud of your member!

"The fellow is downright stupid—a tolerably good judge of a *dressing-case*, or a *fricandeau à l'oseille*; but of nothing else under the sun!

"This nincompoop gave 200 guineas to *Ryall* to publish

his portrait amongst those of the ' EMINENT CONSERVATIVE STATESMEN ;' and it appeared immediately after that of SIR HENRY HARDINGE, and within three of SIR ROBERT PEELE!! ' Powers eternal! Such names mingled!' He also caused a marble bust of his footmanlike person to be exhibited in the Royal Academy. In his last speech, he dwelt with horror upon ' the *threats* and *menaces* with which the land-owners of Ireland were *menaced*,' and upon the ' fact of there being not only a *conspiracy* but a *conjunction* against life and property in Ireland.' BELFAST, BE PROUD OF YOUR MEMBER!!"

THE CLEARING OF BALLINAMUCK.

Dedicated (without his leave) to Lord Viscount Lorton.

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear!"
Quoted from Young by Lord Morpeth.

"A * little farm was my paternal lot ;
 There, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn ;
 But, ah ! Oppression forced me from my cot!"
The Beggar's Petition.

AIR—" Dear Harp of my Country !"

'Twas midnight ; the wind o'er the cold heath was howling ;
 Stern Winter in sleet poured his arrowy breath ;
 Oh ! what but dark guilt o'er that heath could be prowling,
 That hour on its mission of plunder and death ?
 No guilt cowers there,—if the poor and the lowly
 From guilt may be stainless in Earth's evil eye ;
 But sad, stricken OUTCASTS, whom Tyrants unholy
 Fling forth from their homes, on the cold heath to die !

Transfixed by each dart from Adversity's quiver,
 The father regards with a shuddering groan
 His children half bare :—How their fleshless sides shiver !
 Their chance-gathered roots—even they, too, are gone !
 Forlorn, and forsaken, and nigh broken-hearted—
 No food for his babes or their sickening dam !
 Great HEAVEN ! thy dread bolts on the wolves be all darted,—
 But, temper the wind to the poor, fleeced lamb !

* " It is my firm belief that a great part of the distress at present existing in Ireland is attributable to the conduct of the landlords. At a time when all around them are suffering so much, I do think they have not acted in the manner in which they ought to have done."

LORD STANLEY (*before he ratted*).

On the wife's icy bosom an infant lies sleeping;
 And squalid in rags wail its sisters around.
 That keen, cutting blast wakes the baby to weeping,
 And the mother o'ercome flings her limbs on the ground!
 They are wasted and worn—they can bear her no longer;
 What limbs would not totter such anguish beneath?
 Ev'n HE, whose heart's firmer—whose sinews are stronger,
 Sinks down by her side on the famishing heath!

What horrible crime from his home hath expelled him,
 While pours the sharp sleet, and the stormy winds roar?
 What crime! Oh, fell BIGOTRY—blood-besmeared beldame!
 What crime? *Like his fathers, his GOD to adore!*
 Now—now, hear him curse his infernal oppressors,
 While set are his teeth, and firm-clenched are his hands;
 Wo! wo to these lordly estates' proud possessors!
 That curse shall yet reach them, with all their broad lands!

"Corney," said I, "do you wish to be made the victim of an *ex-officio*?"—" *Ex-officio's* be d—d:" was his reply.—
 "Corney, you'll be hanged for a rebel."—"I'm hanged if I care," quoth the reckless mad-cap; "*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit!*" What think you of the case of the widow Murphy, as stated without contradiction in the House of Commons? Upon her trial, Mr. Courtenay, a gentleman related to a member of that house, deposed, that the poor woman possessed a lease of her house for a period of forty years unexpired—and when her landlord in vain sought to evict her from the premises which she held, a party of men were sent to tear down her house. Screaming and weeping, the widow and her daughter were forcibly expelled from their dwelling; her son signed a paper to prevent the house from being demolished; but, in defiance of the agreement so entered into, the house was torn down. From the fragments of her previous dwelling, the poor woman raised a hut; she brought an action against the perpetrators of this fearful outrage; a most respectable jury tried the cause, and found a verdict for the widow." Giving free reins to his patriotic fervour, Corney then struck the harp with ten-fold power, as he sang the following airs in rapid succession:—

AIR—"The Harp that once through Tara's hall."

The halls that once sublimely rung
 Ere nipped was Freedom's bud,
 With magic poured from GRATTAN's tongue,
 And with the strength of FLOOD;
 Now echo but the voice of trade,
 Those stately columns round—
 Now ring the deeper to degrade—
 With money's sordid sound!

The glory from our House is flown
 Unto a foreign land—
 Where, vainly round the mighty ONK,
 Out-voiced our statesmen stand !
 Arise, and from the Temple drive
 These money-changers forth !
 Wake, Erin, wake ! Thy fetters rive,—
 A nation startling earth !

AIR—"Through Erin's Isle."

What land on earth
 Gives spirits birth,
 So brave—so true, as EIRIN ?
 What island blest
 In East or West,
 Are maidens found so fair in ?
 Where grows elsewhere
 A leaf so rare
 As that which springs to bless her ?
 Our emblem pure !
 Shall she endure
 The trampling of th' Oppressor ?
 Oh ! the shamrock—
 The green—immortal shamrock !
 Brunswick hoof !
 Keep far aloof
 From Eirin's lovely shamrock !

She springs from earth
 As freshly forth,
 As if her leaves came hither,
 Sweet Freedom's air
 To breathe so fair,
 And not, alas, to wither !
 Yet, dear trefoil !
 O'er all our soil
 Hath Slavery's taint decayed her—
 In dust she's trod,
 While, iron-shod,
 Stalks o'er our isle th' invader !
 Oh, the shamrock !
 The green, immortal shamrock !
 Brunswick hoof !
 Keep far aloof
 From Eirin's lovely shamrock !

"Why, that's high treason !" I exclaimed ; "to designate the delicately tapering and highly prized foot of your Norman aristocrat, cased in a 'neat-formed and fashionable boot'—one of the true tests of gentleness of

extraction and nobility of soul—by so vulgar and vile an appellation as that of ‘Brunswick hoof,’ if not high treason, is, at the very least, *lèse Majesté* ! Oh, horrible ! !” Heedless of my interruption, Corney proceeded :—

O’CONNELL.

AIR—“ *My Boat is on the Shore.*”

Fill high the flowing bowl ;
 Fill high for Erin’s boast ;
 Drink deep, each free-born soul,—
 ’Tis O’CONNELL’s health we toast !
 O’CONNELL, glorious name !
 Dear as TELL’s to Freedom’s cause ;
 Ye that burn with patriot flame,
 Swell the chorus of applause.
 That bloodless field of glory,
 Where writhed the oppressor down !
 Unmatched in ancient story,
 O’CONNELL’s thy renown !
 Then fill high the flowing bowl, &c.

Who rebuked the tyrant’s scoff ?
 Whose dread thunder shook the throne ?
 Who struck our fetters off ?
 Thou didst it all alone !
 Ev’n WELLINGTON the sword
 Flung down—its lustre dim—
 He conquered earth’s unconquered lord,
 And thou didst conquer *him* !
 Then fill high, &c.

Outbrave with sturdy voice
 Ev’n the lion in his den !
 Make Erin’s heart rejoice—
 A nation once again !
 When dawns that joyous morn,
 Nobly crowned shall be thy fame,
 And infants yet unborn
 Shall hush and bless O’CONNELL’s name !
 Then fill high the flowing bowl,
 Fill high for Erin’s boast !
 Drink deep, each freeborn soul,
 ’Tis O’CONNELL’s health we toast !

THE CONTRAST.

AIR—" *The Meeting of the Waters.*"

Oh! there's not in this wide world an island so blest
By nature's fair hand as the Isle of the West!
How sweet are her valleys—how slope her green hills—
How chimes the soft flow of her murmuring rills!

Fair swells the ripe fruit, and thick gushes the grain
That waves so luxuriant its gold o'er her plain;
So verdant her foliage, so balmy her air,
No land upon earth can with ERIN compare!

Oh! true are her sons as TYRCONNEL's good sword,
Brave—generous—quick—both with hand and with word!
Oh! gentle and lovely the daughters she bears;
And earth hath no virtue unspotted as theirs!

* * * * *

Great HEAVEN! and this land from thy peace is debarred?
What Demons the bloom of this Paradise marred?
Fell DISCORD, MISRULE, and their horrible brood—
Hate, kindred to Phrensy, and Vengeance to Blood!

'Twas DISCORD that lured the Invader at first;
And DISCORD made lasting his inroad accursed;
'Twas DISCORD that gave him our choicest of fields,
And the proud Senate's scorn 'tis still DISCORD that shields!

His bloodhounds first scattered dark Bigotry's fires,
'Then drove to the mountains, and beggared our sires!
His panders now mock us with Liberty's sound;
For a Tantalus feast is the plenty around!

Our conquerors load us with insult and wrong;
And—mark! 'tis through DISCORD they've ruled us so long;
Fell DEMON! 'tis he that now rivets the chain;
Shake him off, fellow-slaves! Be a nation again!

Follow Him, who hath taught us that "Union is strength;"
To Freedom's full goal he will lead us at length!
Let the broad "REPEAL" banner again be unfurled,
And ERIN seize boldly her place in the world!

"That is," observed *Corney*, "unless we shall succeed in obtaining complete justice from an Imperial Legislature, which will be (as near as possible) about next *Tib's Eve*!"

IMPERIAL LEGISLATION.

What's doin' in "the House?"
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 What's doin' in the House?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 What's doin' in the House?
 They're givin' DAN a *douse*;
 But themselves they'll deeper *souse*!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

Who's kickin' up the *screech*?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Who's kickin' up the *screech*?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Who's kickin' up the *screech*?
 LORD MAIDSTONE's maiden speech;
 Och! its DAN 'll kick his breech!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

What lit his "Kentish fires?"
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 What lit his Kentish fires?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 What lit his Kentish fires?
 Oh, its DAN that *nivir* fires,
 Called them "parjurers and liars,"
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,

Who tould the yelpin' brat,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Who tould the yelpin' brat,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Who tould the yelpin' brat
 DAN to pester wid his chat?
 WINCHELSAY—that Orange Rat!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

And what has DAN to say,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 And what has DAN to say,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 And what has DAN to say
 To the spawn of WINCHELSAY?
Catch Dan widout his say!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

Who's that upon his legs?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Who's that upon his legs?
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,

Who's that upon his legs?
 Its DAN their pardon begs—
Och, by fastenin' all wid pegs,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

" Mr. Spaker, Sir, in fact,
 Says the THUNDERIN' O!

" Mr. Spaker, Sir, in fact,
 Says the THUNDERIN' O!

" Mr. Spaker, sir, in fact,
 I've nothing to retract;
 And I glory in the act!"
 Says the THUNDERIN' O!

Och! it's DAN the House can ' barge,'
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 It's DAN the House can ' barge,'
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 It's DAN the House can ' barge,'
 And it's DAN repates the charge,
 And it's DAN *that's still at large!*
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

Och! champion bould of ERIN,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Och! champion bould of ERIN,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Och! champion bould of ERIN,
 To the *charge* you'll still return,
 And the parjurors you'll spurn!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

Oh, faix! I've got a notion,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Oh, faix! I've got a notion,
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH,
 Oh, faix! I've got a notion,
 Lord MAIDSTONE's maiden motion—
 Turned out a bitter potion!
 Says the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

" I have often remarked," I observed, " that *aliens* as you *mere Irish* confessedly are, your effrontery is quite incredible!"

Corney made no verbal reply, but gave his harp-strings a lusty twang, such as in days of yore made Tara's halls resound; and with a rich sonorous voice, pregnant with the twin sisters of melody—Feeling and Enthusiasm, gave utterance to the following effusion:—

AIR—" *The Valley lay smiling before me.*"

Oh, yes—ye are vile and degraded,
Thrust backward from Liberty's goal;
The glories of Erin are faded—
The iron hath rusted her soul!
'Tis true that she once was a nation;—
What! dare ye to murmur, ye slaves?
Crushed ALIENS! remember your station;
Go, hide in dishonouring graves!

The Saxon poor Erin hath plundered;
Her bosom by faction's still torn;
Weak serfs! is it then to be wondered,
Your conquerors laugh ye to scorn?
Go, pray to the storm-driven ocean!
Calm vultures with drivelling words!
When *their* breasts are stirred with emotion,
Petition your arrogant lords!

How! talk ye of right and of franchise,
'Neath Bigotry's chains while ye writhe—
Still fattening the cormorant paunches
Of parsons, who hate ye, with tithe!
By corporate vampires bestridden,
And taxed all the blood in your veins;
Poor wretches! your weakness is chidden,
And still ye must rot in your chains!

Oh! bitter the lot of the vanquished—
'Tis still to be scoffed at and scorned;
The arms, that are weakly relinquished,
To goads for the fallen are turned!
Eat your roots then, ye slaves, and be silent;
Your beeves are all swept from your fields;
They but gorge the victorious island;
Such mercy the conqueror yields!

What! Dare ye to call yourselves equal
To those who have bound you so long?
What! Dare ye to look for a sequel
But hate and oppression to wrong?
"Barbarians ill-fed and ill-clothéd,"
Your lords are the rulers of earth;
By *them* know your persons are loathed;
To *them* know your wrongs are a mirth!

What boots it that, valiantly daring,
Ye've stood on the deck and the field,
War's perils how loyally sharing!
To Britain, how sturdy a shield!

Oh! soon was that valour forgotten,—
 For HE who the victory won - -
 Can the hearts of the brave be thus rotten? - -
 Is Erin's degenerate son!

Look, bondsmen, for help to the Senate!
 Bleat, lambkins, and soften the wolf!
 Can the drowning man's prayer for a minute
 Pour oil on the merciless gulf?
 When our shores by the Dane were invaded,
 Brave BRIAN petitioned—*with steel*;
 How he scowls while his children degraded
 To lordlings a-blubbering kneel!

Aye, look to a senate to aid ye,
 Where the pure sun of justice ne'er shone;
 Too well may it scorn and upbraid ye,
 Five voices outnumbering one!
 Ye starve in your ruinous cities,
 Well scourged by a chastening God;
 And the medicine ye deem the most fit is
 To send all your statesmen abroad!

Invaded in hearth and in altar!
 In *language, religion, and blood*,
 Pronounced to be ALIENS, why falter,
 Whose rights are all crushed in the bud?
 Hath Heav'n the fair Emerald Island
 To waste as a province decreed?
 Eat your roots, ye weak slaves, and be silent;
 Or learn to be ALIENS indeed!

PAT AND THE PARSON.—A FABLE.

“*What's in a Name?*”

An honest, simple-minded Pat—
 Not deeply learned, and yet no *flat*,—
 Treated himself each blessed year
 At Christmas time to generous cheer;
 Killed a fine pig as e'er was seen,
 Laid in a store of “*nate pottheen*,”
 And for his strapping shoulders bought,
 Spick and span new, a fine frize coat.
 The Parson lived quite close at hand—
 The Squire himself was not more grand;
 And, once a week, he went for show
 To preach the Gospel to his people—
 Amongst them all the greatest *beau*,
 Lofty and stiff as his own steeple!

The church itself was of a size
 To hold three thousand saints and sinners ;
 Just half-a-dozen families
 Went there before their Sunday dinners,
 To taste that relish for sobriety—
 The *Reverend* PORT MADEIRA's piety !
 Two waterguards, besides, and four .
 Policemen—not a sinner more—
 Formed, with their wives and infant stock,
 The Reverend Port Madeira's flock.
 His Reverence, without bounce or jeer,
 Might call his flock his children dear.
 He was a father firm and true
 To half the children within view !
 One precept he observed with care—
 To " multiply his Maker's image"—
 The only precept you might swear
 He was o'er cautious not to damage !
 Wine " miracles" he also wrought
 For his poor " stomach's sake"—and sought
 To propagate with ardent wishes—
 If not the faith—at least the species !
 This reverend man upheld with zeal
 The Church's dignity and weal ;
 Yet—reconciled unto his station,
 He cared not for a congregation :
 Did patience leave him in the lurch,
 When that great barn he called his church,
 The vulgar likened to " a sack a
 Ha'p'orth holding of tobacco ?"
 No—he rejoiced—this godly man—
 His flock was " dwindled to a span ;"
 And meekly still he used to say
 " The Lord He gives, He takes away !"
 But with strong zeal, and spirits blithe
 Collected this good man his tithe ;
 With scrupulously grasping paw,
 Reckless of sorrows and disasters,
 Adhering to the Jewish law—
 The pink of Church of England pastors !

Now, to my tale :—As honest Pat
 With Christmas fare regaled his nose,
 The parson with his shovel hat,
 And shining pumps, and silken hose,
 And " Peelers" six, and bailiffs four,
 Made his appearance at the door,
 When straight ensued this parley pleasant
 Betwixt the parson and the peasant :—

Parson :—That bacon's savoury, choice, and rich ;
 I'll trouble you for the nicest fitch.

Pat :—Arrah, thin, would you, af it's plaisin,
Be after tellin' me the raisin ?

Parson :—Why, d——n your soul !

Pat :—(*aside* : Oh Christ, how meek !)

Parson :—Aint I the rector of the parish ?

Pat :—Is that a raisin you should seek

Poor *Papishes* like me to harrash ?

Parson :—Villain ! the law say " pay you must !"

Pat :—True ; but the law, sir,—Is it just ?

Parson :—What ? rebel, you dispute the law !

Come, pay your tithe, and hold your jaw !

Pat :—Now, Port My Deery ! arrah, honey !

What have you done to 'arn the money ?

Parson :—Vile reprobate ! my church is open
Each Sunday—you have but to hop in ;

Pat :—Faix ! I don't like your praichin' shop ;
What, if I don't, then, choose to hop ?

Parson :—I'll make you jump ; by G—, I will !

Pat :—Thonamondiaoual ! ate your fill !

The pig, with punch *galhore* to cheer you,

Is at your sarvice, Port My Deery !

But don't go for to saize the bacon ;

You'll starve the *babbies*, if it's taken.

Parson :—Here, bailiffs and policemen, here !

Take off that flitch the chimney near ;

For *cabbage*, too, on which I doat,

Whip off the skirts of Paddy's coat ;

To make the job complete and clean,

Seize this full measure of *pottheen* ;

The law entitles me to take

The tithe of all that he can make.

Pat :—The devil choke you wid your *fee*,

You plunderin', thievin' *Rapparee* !

Poor *Pat*'s remonstrance nought availed ;

The pork, *pottheen*, and cloth were " nailed !"

A year went by ;—*Pat* was not idle ;

'Twere hard, indeed, his tongue to bridle.

Of acts unjust, a sturdy hater,

He proved a stubborn agitator.

Ten parishes he made to ring—

Took at the parsons many a fling,

And Peelers—parsons—all defied

By holding in his hand a massive

Club, which he christened, in the pride

Of fatherhood : " RESISTANCE PASSIVE !"

The weapon's beauty did consist

In this ;—what better proof 'twas good ?

That, though its mark it never missed,

It ne'er yet drew a drop of blood !

Thus armed, brave *Pat* and all his neighbours

Soon ended the tithe-proctor's labours.

Their cabins, pigsties, barns, and haggards
 "The boys" in order ranged before;
 And, if the plundering Sassenach *Soggarths*
 Sent writs or ruffians—one or more—
 They took their quiet, peaceful stand—
 "PASSIVE RESISTANCE"—club in hand,
 And cried: "Bumbailiffs, *baitherskin*!
 The devil a sowl shall here come in!"
 The bailiffs liked not force to hazard,
 Not courting knocks upon the mazzard!
 The parsons found this game too clever;
 But vowed to make a fresh endeavour.
 Of course they went to Parliament,
 Being younger brothers of the members,
 Who readily their kind aid lent
 To rake up Discord's dying embers.
 Whene'er a scoundrel scheme is planned—
 When villainy 's to be protected,
 Let all men know that the demand
 Should be to PARLIAMENT directed!
 These worthy senators decreed
 That, "as each parish had agreed
 To pay no tithe, and as the Pats
 Were all a race of blundering flats,
 Who called a spade a spade, no doubt,
 But, if the spade were called a *shovel*,
 Would never find the humbug out—
 So low these Irish numsculls grovel!"
 They'd pass a bill, whose knavery
 They thought would never be detected,
 Decreeing that the tithe should be
 Under another name collected!

* * * *

The Peelers mustered strong once more,
 And gathered round Pat's cabin door;
 The parson stood secure behind;
 "How, now, quoth *Pat*, what's in the wind?
 Tut! tut! the '*Tides*' is done away!"
 Quoth *Port Madeira* gravely: "Yea!
 It is not tithe I come to seek."

Pat looked suspicious—*Port* looked meek.

Pat :—What want you, *this*?

Parson :—Why, from your store
 A lock of "praties"—nothing more.
 And just enough of buttermilk

To wash them down I would be taking.

Pat :—You're welcome, throth!

——The pious *bilk*

Seized with one hand a fitch of bacon
 With t'other *boned* a whiskey flask.

Pat :—Faix! you might wait my lave to ask!

Parson :—Why, this is *praties*, man—

Pat :—The bacon!

Thin, by my sowl, I'm much mistaken !
And what is this that's in the bottle ?

Parson :—Of buttermilk just half a pottle !

Pat :—Thunder, an' turf, and blur-an-ouns !
If that's not what I call a bounce.

Throth ! Parson dear, you're growin' witty—
Come, drop them *like a roasted pritty* !

The reverend Port Madeira found
He stood on rather ticklish ground ;
For Pat soon flourished in his eyes
His "passive" club of massive size ;
Then, when the whiskey and the bacon
Were by him quietly re-taken,
He lowered his weapon—scraped the ground,
With brogue polite as e'er was found—
And pulled the lock upon his forehead,
With grace that native was, not borrowed :—

Pat :—I own, your Rivirince, that the fitch,
Though it looks like a dead pig's *fitch*,
As one *wee pay* looks like its brother,
Is only praties—an' no other ;

But, here's a spade—go out, and dig—

The praties there is at your sarvice ;

They wont look-half so like *dead pig*,

Nor smell so like to noses narvous !

(*Pointing to the bottle*) That buttermilk begins to "turn ;"

It's something changed, too, in the colour ;

Here, take the lid, sir, from the churn,

And you may lift a measure fuller.

Besides, that milk's a Papist christened,

It wears *the bades*, inside the bottle ;

'Twould not be orthodox, nor dasint

To let such stuff pass down your throttle !

Pat's banter vexed the Parson sore ;

He bit his lips, and, without more

Ado, he seized a brace of fitches—

'Twas near the half of all Pat's riches ;

And grasped the flask with fiendish smile,

The Peelers holding Pat the while ;

Then to the parsonage, at hand,

The plunder bore in triumph grand !

But Pat was not so easy "done,"

He held a lawsuit glorious fun.

Next morning, at a rattling pace,

He went off to the neighbouring town,

And told to 'TORNEY SHARP his case—

As 'cute a chap as e'er wore gown.

Their plans were laid ; and, at the next

Assizes, vert, and sore perplex,

The Parson had to stand his trial
 For seizing under false pretence
 Pat's goods—and nought availed denial,
 For 'twas THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE!
 Where jurors ne'er are packed, nor grudge
 Nor party bias sways the judge!
 This honest court there was no farce in,
 No quibbling "points," no legal "scrimmages:"
 The verdict was against the Parson,
 And saddled, too, with heavy damages.

No more Ascendancy's exaction
 Could mulct the parish in a fraction.
 Men who had coolly paid their guineas
 Now wondered they could be such ninnies:
Madeira quick his flock forsook,—
 To preach unpaid not he the fool;
 So to the task his reverence took
 Of whipping bottoms in a school;
 Where still he vented on each urchin
 His spleen in *one perpetual birching*!
 And DISCORD's limbs soon ceased to writhe,
 Deep buried in the GRAVE OF TITHE!

MORAL.

Mind, that a spade's a spade all ways;
 And tithe and rint-charge like as pays!

LORD LYNDHURST

Formed the subject of *Corney's* peculiar aversion, although in his enumeration of Irishmen distinguished for their shining abilities "prostituted, in this instance," as *Corney* said, with Lord Melbourne, "to the service of his Satanic Majesty," he never forgot him. And good reason he had to claim the merit of his great powers of mind for an Irish extraction, as appears by the following statement of facts, which are notorious in the south of Ireland. Neal Collopy, the grandfather of Lord Lyndhurst, was a house painter in Limerick, and married the sister of a man named Singleton, who was a working steward of Sir Lucius O'Brien, the grandfather of the present member for Limerick county. It is from this person that Lord Lyndhurst derives his second name. The father of Lord Lyndhurst was the issue of this marriage; and possessing, like his son, considerable abilities, substituted, without even the benefit

of instruction, for which his father was too poor to pay, a camel's hair brush for the coarse dauber of the sign board. He soon became a popular portrait-painter in Limerick; and, previous to his departure for America, whither he followed some emigrant relatives, whom the charity of a few of their benevolent neighbours assisted with their contributions for that purpose, he painted an altar-piece, which is still to be seen in one of the Catholic chapels in Limerick; that which is attached to the Dominican Friary, as *Corney* believes. It is also an undoubted fact, perfectly well known to every Limerick man, that both father and son (like all their "seed, breed, and generation,") were Catholics; and that Lord Lyndhurst himself, in his boyhood, after spending the early part of his mornings in grinding his father's paints, and running messages, used to proceed regularly to the Dominican Friary, where he was in the habit of serving the masses of Father O'Regan. This friar was evidently a man of discernment, for he had a high opinion of the youthful Collopy's abilities, and used to speak of getting up a subscription to send him to Maynooth. This well-meant project was, however, rendered impracticable by the demise of Father O'Regan. The very remarkable change which has taken place in Lord Lyndhurst's position in life was owing to his father's emigrating to America, to which I have before alluded. Upon his arrival in New York, old Collopy changed his name to that of *Copley*, a name which was borne by a respectable family in Limerick, and which he assumed, lest the vulgarity of his real appellation might deter the Yankees from employing him to transfer their "sweet countenances" to canvass. Having acquired a considerable reputation in the United States as a skilful artist, Collopy, now "Mr. Copley," removed to England, where he was equally successful; and where the emoluments which he derived from his business enabled him to settle, and ultimately to send his present lordship to the bar. The remaining portion of Lord Lyndhurst's history is sufficiently known to the public, to render it unnecessary to follow it further. The expression of "Aliens in blood, religion, and language," unfortunately used by his Lordship, was particularly irritating to *Corney*, who, upon one occasion that I adverted to it, gave utterance to Lord Lyndhurst's feelings in the following alteration of one of Moore's Melodies.

LYNDHURST LOQUITUR.

AIR—"Remember thee; yes—while there's life in this heart!"

Remember thee! yes; while there's hate in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, so loathed as thou art!
I but laugh at thy galling oppression and wo,
And should yell, were thy blood in a torrent to flow!

Wert thou blistered all o'er, as I wish thee to be;—
Doomed—plague spot of earth! to be sunk in the sea,
I might shout with a prouder, more demon-like brow,
But, oh! could I hate thee more deeply than now!

Thy chains, as they rankle—thy blood, as it runs,
But make me curse louder thy ALIEN sons.
Serfs! seek ye a cause for my hate? there are THREE;
Ye are poor! ye are Papists! ye pant to be free!

Upon the occasion of Lord Lyndhurst's saying in the House of Lords, early in March last, in reply to Lord Holland, who twitted the learned Baron upon the use of the expression "Aliens in blood," &c. that he was *not ashamed* of having used that expression.—(Vide Parliamentary Debates.) Corney wrote the following:—

I'M NOT ASHAMED!

AIR—"Come, rest in this Bosom, my own stricken Deer!"

No, BELIAL! that cheek is too bronzed and too cold
To blush at a lie,—be it ever so bold!
So practised in fraud and in falsehood thou art;—
No; shame never reached that insensible heart!

Thou knew'st,—better none! whom the laws have declared
THINE EQUALS, as ALIENS to brand thou hadst dared!
What! blush to have acted the dastardly part?
No; shame never reached that insensible heart!

Thou knew'st that thy boyhood was spent in that isle;—
Alas! that it nourished a reptile so vile,
Full-grown, like the VIPER, its venom to dart!
No; shame never reached that insensible heart!

Thou knewest still more—that thy thrice-alien sire
Was fed there, and wed there, where centres thine ire!
Chance-lordling, chance-spawned! Dost thou wince? Dost thou
start?
No; shame never reached that insensible heart!

And if we are *aliens*, what, lordling, art thou?
 Half-Yankee, half-Irish, whom *both* disavow!
 The fiend upon earth hath no specified part;
 Shame *needs not* to reach that insensible heart!

Respect for my "honourable and learned friend," induced me to try to suppress these bitter truths in this publication; but *Corney* was inexorable; and his uniform answer was, that of the Welsh sexton: "Give the devil his due!"

Turn we now to pleasanter themes. *Corney* has the most unbounded admiration for the character of *Tom Steele*, whom he designates the most sterling of patriots, and whom he has complimented with the following song:—

THE HEART OF STEEL.

AIR—"Garryowen."

'Tis a pleasure to think there are honest men left,
 Rare, verdurous spots in the desert of life;
 And, 'mongst traitors and knaves of all honour bereft,
 That some patriots share in political strife;
 So, next to HIM—our champion bold,
 Whom all above vile suspicion feel;—
 Tried by each test—still genuine gold,—
 I'll give you each heart that's *as honest as STEEL*!
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 'Mongst those who for ERIN and LIBERTY feel,
 When a cup to the patriot's health goes round,
 Oh! Remember THE GENUINE HEART OF STEEL!

In his own little wood he declares we may cut
 Pike-handles enough to make hash of our foes!
 And his breast he'd of cannon make boldly the butt,
 Could it rescue our isle from the *tithe* of her woes!
 So next to HIM, &c.

In reference to the following song, *Corney* observed, that the luxurious CLEOPATRA was represented by the historians as having, upon one occasion, to exhibit her magnificence, swallowed a UNION (pearl) of the greatest magnitude, dissolved in a cup of wine; "and, by my sowl," said *Corney*, "she must have found that same *Union* a bitter draught!"

BRITISH SYMPATHY.

AIR—" *Eveleen's Bower.*"

I.

Oh! weep for the hour,
 When the proud Briton's power,
 With fell Treason leagued, for Erin forged the chain,
 Which still her spirit thralls,—
 Her limbs so lovely galls,
 And rankles in her heart, and whirls to madness her brain!

II.

Oh! think evermore
 How it rusts with the gore
 Her sons slain in battle poured to redden all her fields!
 Lone Beauty's burning tear
 That fetter fell to sear!
 And scorn is all the mercy that the proud Briton yields!

III.

For centuries seven
 We've cried unto Heaven,
 Whose altars our Conquerors—*not we*—have profaned;
 Oh! fruitless was the call,
 For still we felt the thrall,
 And, while we raised our arms to Heav'n, those arms still were chained!

IV.

Oh! think once again,
 Nor weep—but be men!
 Of the brave they call "Rebels" scourged—and tortured—and slain!
 Of PRRT's polluting gold,
 And the ESAU-crew that sold
 Their birthright for a UNION, making faster the chain!

V.

Oh! sigh for the hour,
 When the proud bigot's power
 Shall cease throughout the land he hath given to decay!
 Heav'n wills us to be free!
 Who breaks the chain? 'Tis WE!
 We'll pine no more to hail the dawn of Freedom's day!

PADDY'S PETITION.

AIR—" *Love's Young Dream.*"

Oh! the devil a wink I slept last night
 Wid thinkin' of the QUEEN!
 Shure! a purtier, by this blissid light!
 There ne'er was seen.
 'Twas Father Barney, in Killarney,
 Shewed her *plate* to me;
 Och! the blissins on your darlin' face,
 A VICK MA CHREE!
 Och! the blissins on your darlin' face,
 A VICK MA CHREE!

Her faytures all is like a doll,
 So *gin*-teel and nate;
 If there's deception in her at all,
 Faix, she's a chate!
 She's got sich schoolin' in her rulin',
 She howlds bright Larnin's kay!
 Och! no thievin' Tory'll rule Vic-tory,
 Colleen ma chree!
 No thievin' Tory, &c.

There's *Milbourne, Pale*, an' *Wellintun*
 Is tryin' all they can;
 But, throth, there's not a mother's son
 She likes like DAN!
 That glory of the Imerald jim;
 Och! if 'twas only free,
 How it would grace your diadim.
 A *vick* ma chree!

Dont mind the thievin' Parliamént,
 Whate'er they say;
 But the LIBERATOR's speeches
 Read to your tay!
 Its they'll *insinse* you soon intill
 Our case widout a fee;
 Och! read them, while aich cup you fill,
 A *vick* ma chree!

Its there our wrongs is tould in style,
 An' how we're fixed,
 Since first they saized our own Green Isle,
 Wid Tory thricks!
 And, how they wont consade our rights,
 Tho' WELLINTUN an' we
 Like lions fought to guard your throne,
 A *vick* ma chree!

Now would you like the King of France
 To ax you for to wear
 A dingy blanket, while you dance,
 And you so fair!
 Or would you like the King of Spain,
 Who's now, I b'lieve, a SHE,
 To make you pay his tailor's bills,
 A *vick* ma chree!

In troth, you'd kick up, if they did,
 A rumpus an' a row;
 And your army and your navy, fair,
 'Td soon make thim bow!
 Now, we must pay the sows to mind
 Of many a Rapparee;
 Och! to ould Nick the parsons sind,
 A *vick* ma chree!

Now, shure you've read of Sinbad,
 In school some day,
 Near choked by that ould vagabone,
 That lived in the say!
 Sich aldermain wid goolden chains
 About our necks you'd see,
 A squeezin' blood out of our veins,
 A *vick* ma chree!

Thim two bad houses near your nose,
 In ould Westminster;—
 We have no chance at all wid those,
 Och none, royal spinster!
 We'd scorn to ask them—so should you—
 So grant us for to see
 Our parliamint at home agin,
 A *vick* ma chree!
 So loyal none as Irishmin,
 A *vick* ma chree!

"Your censure is pronounced indiscriminately upon both Houses of Parliament," I observed to *Corney*. "And why not," he replied, "Aren't they *both* one? Och! if husbands and wives could only pull as kindly together! Don't you know as well as I do that nineteen-twentieths of the House of Commons are, in every sense of the word, ARISTOCRATS, whose interests are identical with those of the Upper House?" "And yet more than once," I observed, "a *collision* has been apprehended between them."—"Never fear," said *Corney*, "its a *collusion* you mane!"

THE PROPHECY.

AIR—" *Pd mourn the hopes that leave me.*"

I.

I'd mourn thy lot, my ERIN !
 And deem, NIOBE of earth !
 The bitter griefs thou'rt bearing,
 To joy ne'er may give new birth ;
 But, while O'CONNELL's breathing,
 HOPE spreads, undimm'd, her gladd'ning rays,
 His brow with glory wreathing,
 And points on to brighter days !

II.

Though bruised the flower and pining,
 Yet, nurst gently, bloom it will !
 Though dimmed the pearl most shining,
 Yet brightly 'twill glisten still !
 Loved MOTHER-LAND—how cheering !
 No province scorned thou'rt doomed to be ;
 Thy star is just appearing ;
 A NATION's is thy destiny !

III.

Thy mighty guardian spirit,
 O'CONNELL, calls thy sons around ;
 That voice ! thy millions hear it,
 In one serried phalanx found ;
 'Tis thus, thy star ascending
 Shall sparkle o'er each dale and hill ;
 Till, clouds and tempests rending,
 The skies round its radiance fill !

"WELLINGTON'S NAME"—A NEW VERSION.

I.

While ERIN sat musing o'er all her sad story,
 And glanced at the roll of her mightiest sons,
 One name caught her eye—'twas effulgent with glory ;
 A name, through men's spirits, like lightning that runs !
 To victory led, BRITAIN's banded battalions
 Earth's conqueror humbled, and HIS was the fame ;
 As he led them to war,
 The foe trembled afar !
 Yet she wept, when she looked upon WELLINGTON's name !

II.

"Oh, heartless and cold!" was the cry of the spirit;
 "Thy mother disowns thee, now leagued with her foes!
 Her courage and skill thou wast born to inherit,
 Yet spurn the brave arms, that to shield thee uprose!
 Unnatural son, cheering on my tormentors!
 Thy glory shall make more undying thy shame!
 For thy mother forge chains!
 Wither all her green plains!
 Her revenge shall be SCORN upon WELLINGTON'S name!

GRANA UILE; * OR, CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

AIR—"Rory O'More."

A fair little crayture, as ivir was seen,
 All robed in a beautiful garmint of green,
 With a rint here and there, an' her arms black and blue,
 An' her diamond eyes weepin', to make a Turk rue,
 Tother mornin' came to the CONSISTENCY† Coort,
 Where one UPRIGHT's the judge; there's *but one of the sort!*
 And she dazzled aich eye, wid the Im'ralds so bright
 Her lovely neck circling—her forehead, by right!
 "Be sated, fair lady," exclaims the ould judge,
 "'Till justice is done you I'm blist if I budge!"
 She curtsied so sweetly!—"Now, tell me your tale;"
 "That I will in *two twos*," says poor GRANA UILE.

"You see, Sir,—my Lord! I was weeny and small,
 Whin up comes Mr. JOHN BULL, so strappin' and tall;
 He saized me, an' taized me, an' thin he used force,
 An' tuk av my wakeness advantage, *av coorse!*
 I ne'er would be quiet, but threatened the law;
Ochone! 'twas no use; for he kept me in awe!
 Abusin', ill-usin', and kickin', and thumpin',
 An' sometimes upon me *the cruel baste jumpin'!*
 The neighbours, your worship, at last interfared;
 For my eyes was still black, and my scramin' they hear-ed;
 So, like a big coward, BULL cowed, and grew pale,
 And promised to marry poor GRANA UILE.

"The weddin' took place, and 'twas coulder nor ice;
 And whin it was over, I found in a trice
 Our UNION but made me fresh sorrow to sup,—
For the articles nivir was fairly drawn up!

* Note for the English reader:—*Grana Uile* is a name for Ireland.

† Qu. CONSISTORY COURT?—*Printer's Devil*.

My fortune he spint—they of flaws was so full ;
 And my share was of kicks more than ha'pence from BULL ;
 So, your worship, I seek ' RESTITUTION OF RIGHTS,'
 Or a SEP'RATE MAINTAINANCE—by days and by nights !"
 "'Tis plain," quoth the judge, " that he knows not your worth,
 For a sweeter young crayture there's not upon earth ;
 So I'm bound to decide that BULL pays without fail
 For a ' Sep'rate Maintainance' to GRANA UILE !"

THE PATRIOT FLED FROM HIS FATHER-LAND.

AIR—" *The Minstrel Boy.*"

I.

The patriot fled from his Father-Land
 Across the Western Ocean ;
 Not *his* the soul base slavery's brand
 To wear without emotion !
 In vain he strove with a gallant few
 To free the isle that bore him ;
 And, marked to vengeance, sailed for the New
 Unfettered World before him.

II.

" How long," was the cry of the exile sad,
 " Shall justice mock thee, EIRIN ?
 How long shall thy sons their foes make glad,
 Thy bosom madly tearing ?
 The Hydra, FACTION, trails his slime
 O'er all thy fields unguarded ;
 Heav'n made an EDEN of thy clime,
 But, oh, how man hath marred it !"

III.

His fair young Bride with tearful eye
 Addressed her exiled lover :
 " We'll yet return ! Why heave that sigh ?"
 He, choking, answered, " Never !
 Till EIRIN's free—till right prevails
 O'er tyrant bonds unholy !"
 He strode the deck, and he chid the sails
 That bore him away too slowly !

A HINT TO SHARMAN CRAWFORD.

"Achilles' wrath—to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, Heav'nly Goddess, sing!"

AIR—" *The Angel's Whisper.*"

Mother ERIN sat weeping; instead of frog-leaping,
Her boys were all battling, like waves on the sea;
Off went her child petted, like baby that's fretted,
And she cried, "Darlin' SHARMIN, oh, come back to me!"

"You'll get enough treacle, your stomach to make ill;
When your brothers play marbles the TAW yours will be!
Come back from the Tories—they're tellin' nice stories!
Fie! fie! darlin' SHARMIN! oh, come back to me!"

When dawns the fine mornin' that sees him returnin',
Will ERIN disown the sad scapegrace? Not she!
But she'll cry when ACHILLES is sick of his sillies;
"Och, I knew that my SHARMIN would come back to me!"

"Pray for the soul of John Woolfrey."

AN EPIGRAM.

"What's this?" "An Epitaph." "And written where?"
"On Woolfrey's tomb." "Canst thou no further see?"
Why, man, that Epitaph's inscribed, I swear,
Upon the tomb of BURIED BIGOTRY!"

EXETER HALL.

Upon the subject of the mock-religious gatherings which take place annually in this PANDEMONIUM of BIGOTRY, *Corney* observed that they always take place, most appropriately, as near as possible to the *First of April*, the object being to *make fools* of the people of England; and that *PHILPOTTS*, the Luther of this sect of modern DEFORMERS is, by a lucky coincidence, not only Bishop of Exeter, but Patriarch of Exeter Hall. The morality of these men may be judged from the fact that THEY ARE AT THIS MOMENT fraudulently obtaining signatures to a petition for the withdrawal of the grant from MAYNOOTH COLLEGE, UNDER THE GUISE OF A PETITION IN AID OF THE SOCIETY FOR PREVENTING CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!! It is only a few days since, a gentleman of liberal principles, in passing along the Strand, yielded to

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the solicitation of a man standing at the door, and sub-joined his name to a host of others, the subject stated to him being that of "Cruelty to Animals," when, curiosity having led him to turn over the sheets of signatures, and inspect the wording of the petition itself, he discovered it to be a rabid tissue of scurrilous invectives against Maynooth. It was not until he had solemnly threatened a publication of the disgraceful fact that he was permitted to erase his name! **THIS CAN BE PROVED UPON OATH.** CORNEY has commemorated their achievements in the following stanzas:—

I.

The LIONS once roaring at EXETER 'CHANGE
Brought ear-tickled Cockneys in crowds to each stall,
But how poor was their noise, and how small in its range
To the greater BEASTS' roaring at EXETER HALL!

II.

The DEVIL in the Scripture's still roving about,
Like a lion full-voiced, seeking whom to devour;
But here there's of devils a whole rabble-rout,
That to serve Satan's purpose will roar by the hour.

III.

And, to show that to Scripture they're closely conforming,
Their food's *God's own creatures* to suffering born;
For they never are seen, but they're howling and storming
O'er poor Papist carcases, mangled and torn!

IV.

Of beasts, and beastesses, and wolves and old bitches,
Some thousands are seen in the scramble to mix;
But 'twill all look unfinished as statueless niches,
'Till the scene is embellished with GREGG's monkey tricks!

CIVILIZATION AND CANNIBALISM.

"One of the chiefs of the Island of Rarotongo, where cannibalism has been quite extirpated by the exertions of the Missionaries, never wears any other dress than that woven in the island. The inhabitants are generally remarkable for a genuine patriotic spirit and national feeling."

Mr. Ellis's Polynesian Researches.

Only think how these rational savages
Beat out poor Ireland quite hollow!
Here discord ne'er ceases his ravages;
There sounds the lyre of Apollo!

Sweet concord amongst them is reigning ;—
 Each grasping the hand of his brother ;
 While, here, not ev'n decency feigning,
 We constantly eat up each other !

With native-wove stuff you behold
 Each savage his person adorning ;
 Here gentlemen squander their gold
 Upon bad British goods,—their own scorning !

Our broad cloth's as cheap and as sound ;
 Yet our tastes are so trivial and skittish,
 Before a stray customer's found,
 The vendor must swear that 'tis British !

Now, which are the sensible fellows ?
 And which the uncivilized animals ?
 The savages all are M'CULLOCHS,
 And we are all ignorant cannibals !

EPIGRAM

On the alleged discovery of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Hat on
 the road between Blackwall and London, after the Minis-
 terial White-Bait Dinner of last year :—

Little Lord John having lost his hat
 There's nothing strange to find in ;
 The Burgundy left him *so little head*,—
 The *case* was not worth minding !

AN APPEAL TO SCOTTISH SYMPATHY.

I.

The Highlands ! the Highlands ! whose blue peaks are swelling
 In glory above me—in glory around !
 The Highlands, where Freedom hath chosen her dwelling ;
 Where hearts are unfettered, and limbs are unbound.

II.

Where breathed is free air in the kirk on the mountain,
 Whose heath-bells by footsteps elastic are trod—
 Where, Faith jealous guarding her rock-springing fountain,
 None dares to intrude between CONSCIENCE and GOD !

III.

The border-feud's over—the clan-strife is dying ;
 The tartan and philabeg, bonnet and kilt,
 For SASSENACH gear bartered, all useless are lying,
 And tarnished with rust is the bright claymore's hilt !

IV.

Yet, glorious that blade your free altars that won,
 With the blood of hell's satellites poured—not in vain!
 Uncheered were *our* efforts by Victory's sun!
 And, while prospers *thy* UNION, *ours* rivets the chain!

V.

Oh, smile on our efforts, kin land to our island!
 Oh, spurn not poor pilgrims to Liberty's shrine!
 While our stock is the same—and our virtues *both* HIGHLAND,
 The SHAMROCK and THISTLE for ever should twine!

Corney is quite enthusiastic in his admiration of the rugged independence of the Scottish character.

Mr. O'CONNELL and LORD MORPETH afforded considerable pleasure to CORNEY by the enormous display of greenery which their hats exhibited on last St. Patrick's day. It was like rival horticultural exhibitions; their upper works looked like locomotive paddocks! *Corney*, in his delight, composed the following extemporaneous effusion to the air of

“ALL ROUND MY HAT!”

All round my hat I wears a green Shamrock;
 All round my hat—lookin' fresh, sweet, and gay!
 If any saucy Saxon the raisin should be *axin'*,
 Bid the Haithin hould his tongue on ould PADDY's day!
 The Rose, it may look fair; but its tin to one 'twill stab you,
 Unless with cautious hand you approach near its thorns!
 The Thistle's rough and honest; yet it's prickles soon would *nab* you;
 But to do a turn so mane, sure the lovely Shamrock scorns!
 All round my hat I wears a green Shamrock;
 All round my hat—lookin' fresh, sweet, and gay!
 If any saucy Saxon the raisin should be *axin'*,
 Bid the Haithin hould his tongue on ould PADDY's day!

EPIGRAM.

On Sir R. Peel's opposition to the Government Project for the introduction of Railways into Ireland.

What? Justice and Peace, not derision and slaughter!
 What? *Wealth* and not *Blood* in a stream?
 The Tories have kept us too long in *hot water*,
 Yet, grudge us our share of the *steam*!
 'Tis plain that a Papist Precursor majority
 Still in each train would abound;
 And to prove to the British our inferiority,
 Snail-paced we must creep o'er the ground!

REPORTER'S WORK IS PORTER'S WORK!

"All is preserved;—even the buffoonery!"—*Observation of Mr. C. G. Duffy, in reply to Mr. Shea Lalor, at the Corn Exchange.*

AIR—"Wreathe the Bowl."

I.

Reporter's work is Porter's work!
 Who'd be a short-hand-writer?
 A paviour, carter, Turk or Tartar,
 Plods at labours lighter!
 If all the trash,—stuff,—nonsense,—hash
 Preserved must be, they stammer,
 I'd rather, upon a small *suggawn*,
 Smash stones all day with a hammer!
 Reporter's work is Porter's work!
 Who'd be a short-hand-writer?
 A paviour, carter, Turk or Tartar
 Plods at labours lighter!

II.

'Tis not enough to treasure the stuff
 'Bout "franchise, right, and freedom!"
 Each speech so lame, they must new-frame—
Or who the devil's to read 'em?
 Then only think, how they must blink
 The trash of twaddlers solemn!
 Give thoughts high-flown to men who've none,
 And lighten each leaden column!
 Reporter's work is porter's work, &c.

III.

So fast some go—and some so low
 Sputter—mutter—stutter—half-utter!
 Take down such *lingo*! I'd rather, by *Jingo*,
 Fish for "waifs" in the gutter!
 Ten spout at once; yet some vile dunce
 Cries "CICERO's quite *my* model!"
 Come, where's my speech? Your notes I impeach!"
 To the deuce with them and their twaddle!
 Reporters' work is porters' work! &c.

IV.

Whate'er men say, the scape-goats they!
 Of character they're the manglers!
 When bullies have "bounced," and fear to get trounced,
 Of course, they're stupid bunglers!
 If short the report, oh, 'tis *too short*!
 If long, it should have been *shorter*;
 If the speech of *Wiggins* eclipses *Figgins*,—
 Wo to the d—d reporter!
 Reporters' work is porters' work! &c.

EPIGRAM.

“ *Red* *FEARGUS*, who 's strong as a brewer's horse,—
Of the National *Delicates* how is he one ?”
Tut, man ! as their principle 's pure *brute force*,
What *brute* as a sample could brighter have shone ?

I shall conclude this singular *ollapodrida*, with the following *morçeau*, which *Corney* declined to interpret to me, and of which *I have in vain endeavoured to discover the meaning !*

THE WITCH that, so shameless in thin “cutty sark,”
Pursued TAM O'SHANTER from ALLOWAY KIRK,
Riding post on a broom-stick, athwart the night-air,
Bore off as a trophy the tail of *Tam's* mare.

This shameless Scotch hag, now each night in the week's
Shewing off in another *old house* her old tricks ;
They've made her a lord, though she jaws like a groom !
And her title is BROOMSTICK—for short, she's called BROOM !

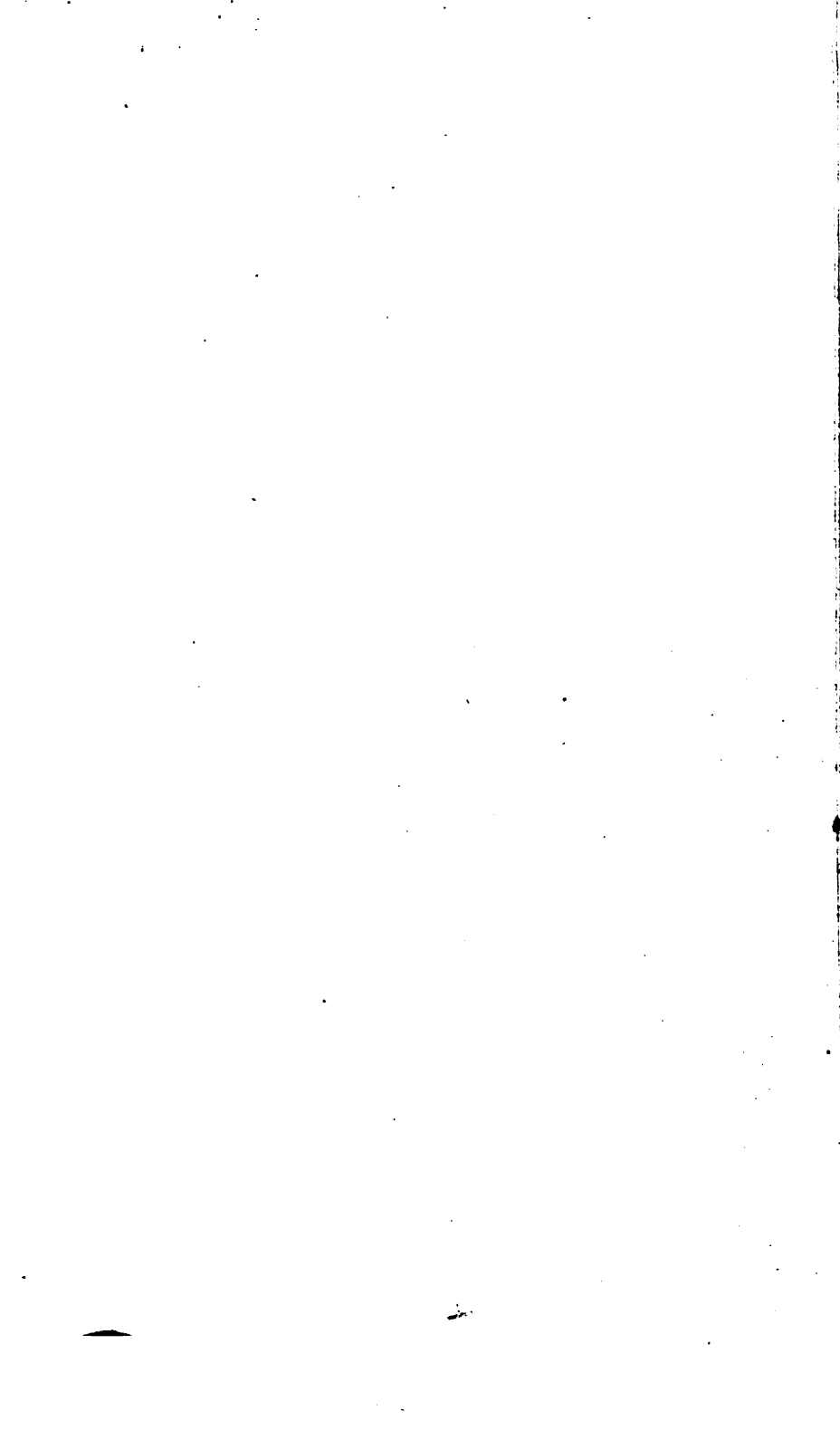
Such capers she cuts, as eclipse even those
By which BURNS, in the kirk, her indecency shews ;
So immodest her strathspeys—so shameless her mirth,
'Tis plain she's been sent but for mischief on earth !

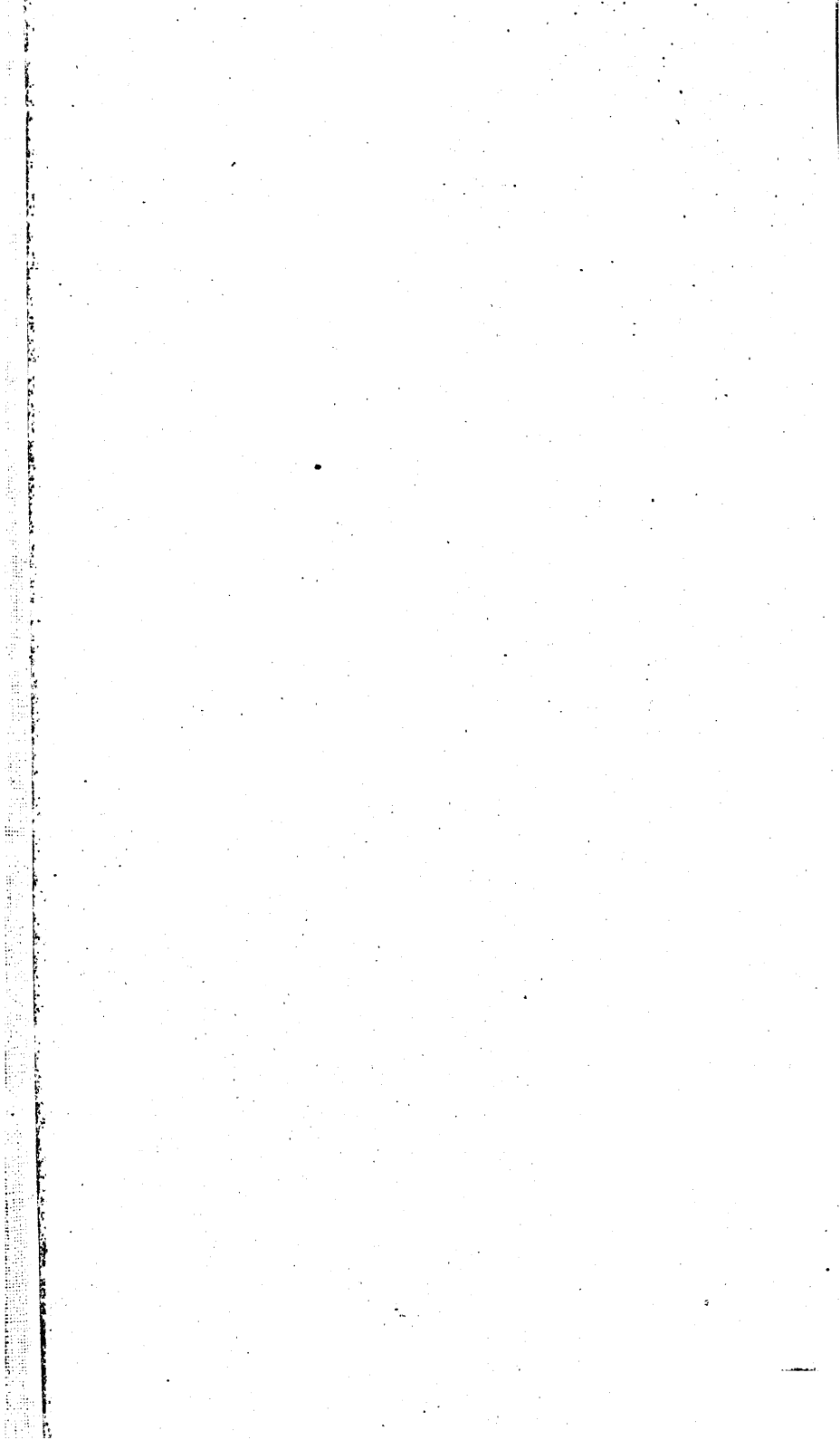
The last trick that's told of this horrid old hag—
LORD BROOMSTICK, I mean—her indulgence I beg,
She strove to play off, on the ALLOWAY plan,
On a capital stout Irish hunter, called DAN !

DAN sports a long tail, and he gave a loud neigh,
Which tempted old BROOMSTICK to whisk it away ;
So, his caudal appendage, the hag began galling ;
When a vigorous kick from DAN soon sent her sprawling !

Now, if all mettled steeds would but just do the same,
Fewer ha'pence than kicks would salute the old dame ;
And we'd leave—how delightful !—her villainous tongue
To abuse the old Hags that she's sitting among !

FELIX, FAUSTUMQUE SIT !







MAY 7 - 1955

